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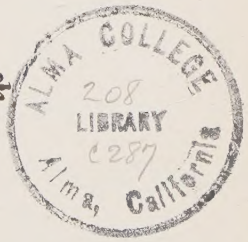

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The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass.[1]

BY THE REV. R. C. LAING.

FATHER GASQUET has earned the gratitude of his Catholic readers by his book on *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*. It is a fitting sequel to his first work. In the first he told how a Catholic King, having thrown off his allegiance to the Holy See and established himself as the Supreme Head of the Church in England, satisfied his own rapacity and that of his favourites by the plunder of the monasteries. In the volume recently published, he and his *collaborateur*, Mr. Bishop, have gone a step further in the history of the Reformation, and described the process by which a new ritual was forced upon an unwilling people. Both works are of the deepest interest, but they are sad reading. Sad, indeed, it is to trace the history of the change —how the first crime of Henry VIII., in claiming the supremacy, gradually brought, in its train, the denial of one doctrine after another of Catholic faith, till the "Tudor Settlement of Religion" produced the Church as now by law established. Father Gasquet deals with the reign of Edward VI., during which the change of religion really took place; and it is the purpose of this paper to follow his footsteps over the same ground.

[1] Reprinted from the *Ushaw Magazine*.

With the one exception of Papal Supremacy, Henry was a stout defender of Catholic doctrine. He was intolerant of heresy, and met its advance by his "Statute of the Six Articles" (1539), which decreed the punishment of death against those who denied the doctrines of transubstantiation, communion under one kind, the utility of private masses, the perpetual obligation of vows of chastity, the celibacy of the clergy, and the necessity of auricular confession. Ten years later the Act of Uniformity in religion was passed, and every one of these articles was upset.

But the change was a gradual one, both in doctrine and in liturgy, and it is with the latter only that Father Gasquet's book is concerned. Henry died on January 28th, 1547, and his successor was a boy not ten years old. The administration of the kingdom, both civil and ecclesiastical, fell into the hands of the Duke of Somerset, named Protector by Henry's will, and of the Council, in which not the least important member was Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. It was soon made evident that the Bishops were to be regarded merely as a department of the public service; for they were ordered to take out new commissions, in the new King's name, for the exercise of their jurisdiction and the government of their dioceses. The Council also made it manifest that further changes might be expected; first of all, by ordering the introduction of certain novelties, such as the reading in English of portions of Scripture both in the choral office and in the Mass; and, at length, by the injunction that no further alteration was to be made in the order of

Divine Service, "until such time as the same shall be otherwise ordered by the King's authority." There could be no mistake as to the direction in which the changes were to be made. At the High Mass sung in St. Paul's at the opening of Parliament, in presence of the King and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the *Gloria in excelsis*, the *Credo*, and the *Agnus Dei* were sung in English; so that the impression was conveyed that the Mass had that day been said in English, though in reality the prayers of the priest, including the Canon, had been recited, as usual, in Latin. The Parliament, thus inaugurated, was largely occupied with ecclesiastical affairs; and one of its chief acts, while it strove, as a concession to popular feeling, to repress profane speaking of the Blessed Sacrament, ordered that Communion should, in future, be administered in all parts of the King's dominions "under both kinds of bread and wine." Five Bishops voted against the Bill. Gladly would they have supported the first part of it; but they preferred to oppose the legal condemnation of the blasphemies, which were only too common, rather than sanction, by their vote, so flagrant a departure from Catholic discipline as the second part contained. Ten supported the measure, and eleven were absent.

The passing of this Bill marks an important step, for, though dealing only with a matter of discipline, it was the first serious alteration in the ancient ritual; and, moreover, it left Cranmer a free hand. No special rubric had been made for the new mode of Communion, and Cranmer was left to effect the change by tampering at will with the Missal. He was not slow to take advantage of his opportunity,

but he proceeded with caution and by degrees. There were three stages of change before the Canon of the Roman Missal completely disappeared, and the Book of Common Prayer with its "Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion" took its place. These were:

1. The Communion Book.
2. The Prayer Book of 1549.
3. The Prayer Book of 1552.

Before speaking of these changes in detail, it is necessary to observe that, though in England at the death of Henry VIII. there were three rites for the Holy Sacrifice, or "uses" as they were called, those of Sarum, York, and Hereford, the Canon of the Mass was in all of them identical with the Roman except in a few points, the variants being of the most trifling character. Father Gasquet gives an interesting list of these,[1] from which it may be seen that they consist now of a slight change in the order of the words, now of the omission or addition of the conjunctions, *et*, *ac*, or *que*, or the substitution for them of the preposition *cum*, and in three cases of the addition of a word or two, viz., "pro Rege nostro N." at the beginning of the Canon, and the italicized words in the following: "Et omnium circumstantium *atque omnium fidelium Christianorum*" (York), and "Memento etiam Domine *animarum* famulorum" (Sarum). Such was the care taken to preserve the Canon in the original form sanctioned by a venerable antiquity, and going back, as there are good reasons for believing, even to Apostolic

[1] Pp. 198, 199.

times. It was upon this sacred rite that Cranmer dared to lay his sacrilegious hands.

1.—The Communion Book, or "The Order of the Communion."

This was ordered by the King to be used on and after Easter Sunday, April 1st, 1548. No change was made in the Mass, except that the new form, in English, was to be introduced after the Communion of the priest. Still there are certain points in regard to it which are significant:

1. Communion was not to be administered at every Mass according to the devotion of the people, but only on certain days, of which notice was to be given by the "parson, vicar, or curate," on the Sunday or other day before, in a form prescribed by the Book. Thus the faithful were not allowed to receive Communion on any day they pleased, and the practice of frequent Communion was discouraged.

2. The practice of private confession to a priest before Communion was, by implication, declared unnecessary. Those who used it were warned not "to be offended with them which are satisfied with their humble confession to God and the general confession to the Church."

3. Communion was to be administered in both kinds, contrary to the common practice of the Western Church from the earliest times, and to the universal practice from 1418, the date of the Council of Constance, approved later by the Council of Trent.

4. The forms to be used in the act of administering contained no material departure from ancient use,

and deserve notice only in view of the changes afterwards introduced. They ran thus: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul to everlasting life. The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul to everlasting life."

5. The most extraordinary innovation was contained in the following rubric: "If it doth so chance that the wine hallowed and consecrate doth not suffice, or be enough for them that do take the Communion, the priest, after the first cup or chalice be emptied, may go again to the altar, and reverently and devoutly prepare and consecrate another; and so the third, or more likewise, beginning at these words: *Simili modo postquam cœnatum est;* and ending at these words: *Qui pro vobis et pro multis effundetur in remissionem peccatorum*, and without any levation or lifting up." The priest has already celebrated and consecrated once, and he is to consecrate again in one kind only and without again communicating himself! Nothing can be a more plain denial of the Catholic doctrine as to the sacrificial character of the Mass than this consecration under one kind and without Communion.

The same rubric appears in the Book of Common Prayer to this day, except that it is extended to both species: "If the consecrated bread or wine be all spent before all have communicated, the priest is to consecrate more," &c.

The spirit in which the whole plan of this new order was conceived may be seen from a letter written by Miles Coverdale to Calvin on March 26th, 1548. He sends him a Latin translation of the Book, feeling

sure that it would be to him a "cause for congratulation" as "the first-fruits of godliness (according as the Lord now wills His religion to revive in England)."[1] Calvin openly rejected both the doctrine and the ritual of the Catholic Church in regard to the Sacrifice of the Mass; and if he could find cause for congratulation, it could only have been because this new order was the beginning of a departure from the ancient doctrine and ritual, and an approximation to his own heretical position.

2.—The First Prayer Book of Edward VI.

The Council had anticipated opposition to the new order of Communion; and we learn from Foxe that many priests, "carelessly contemning all, would still exercise their old wonted Popery." The uniformity which was desired was as far from attainment as ever; and the Government determined, as they subsequently declared, to secure it by the imposition "of a uniform, quiet, and godly order, rite, and fashion of common and open prayer and administration of the Sacraments;"[2] in other words, by the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.

There is much obscurity about some of the preliminary steps in drawing up this Book. This much seems to be proved by documentary evidence, that Cranmer and "certain of the most learned and discreet Bishops and other learned men of this realm" were commissioned by the King, with the advice of Somerset and the rest of the Council, to construct a new form of service, having "as well an eye

[1] Gasquet, pp. 93, 94.

[2] Act of Uniformity, 2 and 3 Edward VI. c. 1.

and respect to the most sincere and pure Christian religion taught by Scripture as to the usages of the Primitive Church;"[1] that the Commissioners formally inaugurated their work on September 22nd or 23rd, 1548, at Windsor, though some meetings were probably held at Chertsey; and that, though various lists of names have been given as those of the Commissioners, all that is known for certain is that Cranmer was one of them.

Another question has arisen as to whether the Book was ever submitted to Convocation and received the assent of the clergy there assembled. The more probable conclusion seems to be, in the words of Canon Dixon, that "the Convocation of the clergy had nothing to do with the first Act of Uniformity of religion. Laymen made the first English Book of Common Prayer into a schedule of a penal statute. As little in the work itself, which was then imposed on the realm, had the clergy originally any share."[2] Before, however, being submitted to Parliament, it was laid before an informal meeting of the Bishops, not so much for their advice or assent as to ensure its speedy passage through the House of Lords.

Parliament met for its second session on November 27th. Father Gasquet has discovered among the Royal Manuscripts in the British Museum a small tract, dated from Westminster on December 1st, evidently of this year 1548. It has a significant connection with the debate which took place a fortnight later. It is dedicated to the Protector Somerset, and is entitled: "Of the Sacrament of Thanksgiving:

[1] Act of Uniformity, 2 and 3 Edward VI. c. 1.

[2] *History*, &c. iii. p. 5.

a short treatise of Peter Martyr's making."[1] The arguments and conclusions of this tract are precisely those which Cranmer and his supporters upheld in the debate, and it is difficult to resist the belief that it was translated and summarized for the convenience of the Protector, probably by his chaplain, who had busied himself with writing against the Mass.

On December 14th the new Prayer Book was read in the House of Lords, and on the following day the Protector commanded the Bishops "to the intent to fall to some point to agree what things should first be treated of. And because it seemed most necessary to the purpose, willed them to dispute whether bread be in the Sacrament after the consecration or not."[2] Then was begun a debate, which lasted for four days, between those who maintained the old Catholic doctrine and those who favoured the new opinions of the Reformers. There was a crowded assembly of peers, and the members of the Lower House flocked in to hear the discussion. It was carried on by the Bishops alone, no layman intervening except the Protector Somerset, Smythe the Secretary of State, and Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland—all of whom spoke on the side of the Reformers. Another manuscript in the Royal Collection which Father Gasquet is the first to bring into notice, and which is, perhaps, the earliest extant specimen of Parliamentary reporting, gives a detailed account of

[1] Peter Martyr Vermigli, an apostate Augustinian monk of Florence, who adopted the doctrines of the Reformation, was invited to England by Cranmer in 1547, and appointed Lecturer on the Holy Scriptures at Oxford.

[2] Gasquet, Appendix V. p. 327.

the whole debate. The discovery of this document is most valuable, as the opinions there enumerated enable us to appreciate rightly the meaning of the changes that were made in the Canon of the Mass.

The principal disputants on the Catholic side were Cuthbert Tunstall, the intrepid Bishop of Durham, Heath of Worcester, Bonner of London, and Day of Chichester; while Cranmer's chief supporters were Ridley of Rochester, Holbeach of Lincoln, and the three laymen mentioned above. A hundred years later, during the time of the Commonwealth, theological debates were not so great a novelty in the English Parliament; but it is a strange spectacle to us, and denotes the extent to which heretical views had spread in less than two years after the death of Henry VIII., when we find so many men, holding the position of Bishops in a country still Catholic at heart, engaged in debate upon the most sacred mystery of the Catholic faith, as if it were a question of policy or of ordinary civil administration, and either maintaining the doctrines of the Reformers or exhibiting a mental confusion as to the teaching of the Church.

Let one or two specimens from Cranmer's argument suffice to show its general tendency: "I believe that Christ is eaten with heart. The eating with our mouth cannot give us life. For then should a sinner have life. Only good men can eat Christ's body. When the evil eateth the Sacrament, bread and wine, he neither hath Christ's Body nor eateth it. This Body is not in the evil man, for it is on the right hand. *No man ascended into Heaven*, &c. The good man hath the word within him, and the godhead

by reason of an indissoluble annexion is in the manhood. Eating with his mouth giveth nothing to man, nor the Body being in the bread. Christ gave to His disciples bread and wine, creatures among us, and called it His Body, saying: *Hoc est corpus meum.*"

A favourite argument with Cranmer, derived from Peter Martyr's tract, to prove that the Body of our Lord is not present in the Blessed Sacrament, is that, if it were, then the wicked would receive it, and with it, life. He seems to have forgotten the words of St. Paul, who condemns the unworthy recipient for the very reason that he has not discerned that our Lord's Body is present: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment (damnation, *Authorized Version*) to himself, not discerning the Body of the Lord."[1] In what would lie the sin, so strongly denounced, if it were not the Body of the Lord?

Again, at the close of the debate, Cranmer says: "Such bread calleth Christ His Body as is common among us, made with flour and water, and wine likewise. Such bread as feeds the body, that cannot hear nor see, but round, broad, thick, and white. It is material bread that hath these qualities; His Body was not so. As the baker maketh it, so doth the altar descrive (*sic*) it. These say, Christ called such bread His Body. If you understand *Hoc*, this bread, then bread was His Body. And if this word doth not signify bread, Christ said not that bread was His Body."[2]

[1] 1 Cor. xi. 29.

[2] Gasquet, Appendix V. p. 441.

The debate was brought to an end on Wednesday, December 19th, and on the same day the Prayer Book was read to the House of Commons. After an adjournment till January 2nd, 1549, the "Bill for religion," commanding the use of the new Service, was discussed and passed its final stage on January 15th. Of the Bishops present at the division in the Upper House, ten voted for the measure, and eight against it. Of four who were not present, but represented by proxies, two supported the Bill, one opposed it, and one was neutral. Gardiner, a resolute opponent, was in the Tower and unable to record his vote. The remaining four were absent and unrepresented, but one is known to have been favourable to the Bill. The result is that thirteen Bishops supported the Government Bill, ten were opposed to it, and the views of the remaining four were doubtful.

It is necessary now to consider the changes which were introduced by the new order for "the Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass," as the title runs in the Prayer Book. The inquiry here must be limited to the part which corresponds to the Canon of the Mass, for it must be observed that, with certain significant changes, this book preserved in a great degree the order and semblance of the Mass. One change, however, before the Canon must not be unnoticed, as it is specially characteristic of the spirit which seems to have guided the compilers. After the recitation of the Nicene Creed, and the reading of the exhortations to intending communicants which are inserted from the Communion Book of 1548, and after some sentences from Holy Scripture, said or

sung, as in the Roman Missal, for the Offertory, the minister is directed to lay on the altar sufficient bread and wine for the Communion, but no prayers are prescribed, no ceremonial oblation is made, everything in the Missal from the Offertory sentence to the Preface is omitted. The prayers thus left out are those which specially express the idea of oblation and sacrifice: *e.g.* (1) the single prayer of the Sarum Missal at the offering of the paten and chalice: "Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation which I, unworthy sinner, offer in honour of Thee and of Blessed Mary and of all Thy saints, for my sins and offences, and for the salvation of the living and rest of all the faithful departed;" (2) after the *Lavabo*: "And so be our sacrifice in Thy sight that it may be accepted of Thee to-day and please Thee, O Lord God;" (3) the *Orate fratres* with the response: "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours likewise may be accepted of the Lord our God. May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands," &c. (4) The Secrets, which always imply the offering of a sacrifice and a prayer that it may be accepted.

That it is the key-note of the whole series of changes, to eliminate whatever expresses or implies the idea of sacrifice, may be seen from a comparison of the new rite with the Canon of the Mass, which, as has been observed before, is one and the same in form in all the different uses which prevailed in England. To make this comparison complete, it would be necessary to print in parallel columns, as Father Gasquet does, the whole of the Canon and the corresponding part of the Book of Common Prayer; but it may suffice to indicate the nature of

the alterations by arranging the prayers of the Canon in small groups, and noticing in a general way the changes that were introduced.

I. From the beginning of the Canon to the Consecration:

Here we have in the Missal five prayers, the *Te igitur*, the *Memento* of the living, the *Communicantes*, the *Hanc igitur*, and the *Quam oblationem*. In the new Book the first is expanded into a long prayer for the whole state of the Church, for the King, the Council, all bishops, pastors, and curates, and the people under their charge. The words of the Missal, "We humbly pray and beseech Thee to receive these gifts, these offerings, these holy, undefiled sacrifices," are changed into "We humbly beseech Thee most mercifully to receive these our prayers." The mention of persons by name in the *Memento* is omitted; but there is a prayer for the congregation, the words of the Missal, "for whom we offer unto Thee, or who are offering unto Thee, the sacrifice of praise," being changed into, "which is here assembled in Thy Name to celebrate the commemoration of the most glorious Death of Thy Son." The *Communicantes* no longer expresses the communion of saints, with a petition that we may be helped by their merits and prayers, but gives "most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue, declared in all Thy saints, from the beginning of the world," and prays that we may follow their example. After this, in the new Service, comes the commemoration of the dead, placed by the revisers of the liturgy *before* the consecration, "perhaps," says Canon Estcourt, "for fear that

it should give any countenance to the Romish error, that Christ was offered for the quick and dead."[1] The *Hanc igitur* is omitted, except the last sentence which forms part of the prayer for the dead. The changes in the *Quam oblationem* are particularly worthy of attention. In the Missal this prayer runs thus: "Which oblation do Thou, we beseech Thee, O God Almighty, vouchsafe to render altogether blessed, counted, reckoned, reasonable, and acceptable, that it may be made unto us the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly-beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ."

The additions made in the new liturgy are significant: "O God, Heavenly Father, which of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption, Who made there (by His one oblation, once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in His holy Gospel command us to celebrate, a perpetual memorial of this His precious Death, until His coming again: Hear us, O merciful Father, we beseech Thee, and with Thy Holy Spirit and Word vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these Thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may be unto us the Body and Blood of Thy most dearly-beloved Son, Jesus Christ." The emphatic assertion of the "one oblation, once offered," seems intended to exclude the sacrificial character of the Mass, though, of course, the words are perfectly true in a Catholic sense; and the meaning of the words, "may be unto us," which in spite of opposition were substituted for "may be made unto us," is thus explained

[1] *Anglican Ordinations*, p. 305.

by Cranmer himself: "In the Book of the Holy Communion we do not pray that the creatures of bread and wine may *be* the Body and Blood of Christ, but that they may *be to us* the Body and Blood of Christ; that is to say, that we may so eat them and drink that we may be partakers of His Body crucified and of His Blood shed for our redemption."[1]

2. The Consecration:

The form of the words of institution is different from that in the Missal, and the assertion has been made that it was derived from the ancient Mozarabic liturgy used in Spain. A careful comparison, however, will show that it presents more points of similarity with the Lutheran liturgy of Brandenburg-Nuremburg (1533) than with the Mozarabic.[2]

A rubric here directs that there shall be no "elevation or showing the Sacrament to the people."

3. From the Consecration to the *Pater noster:*

For the three prayers after the Elevation, and the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*, is substituted one long prayer, in which, doubtless, there are recollections of the old forms; but all allusions to sacrifice, so frequent at this point in the Missal, are studiously eliminated. For example, for the words, "We offer . . . a pure victim, a holy victim, and undefiled victim, the holy bread of eternal life, and the cup of eternal salvation," we have, "Desiring Thy fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving."[3] Again, for "Command these" (*hæc* refers

[1] Gasquet, p. 205.

[2] *Ibid.* Appendix VI. p. 444.

[3] Cranmer explains a "sacrifice of laud, prayer, and thanksgiving," as one by which "we offer ourselves and all that we have" to God. (Gasquet, p. 209, note.)

to the same antecedent as *supra quæ* at the beginning of the previous prayer, *i.e.*, *hostiam puram*, &c., *panem sanctum vitæ æternæ et calicem salutis perpetuæ*) "to be carried by the hands of Thy holy angel to Thine altar on high, before the sight of Thy Divine Majesty," is substituted, "Command these our *prayers and supplications*, by the ministry of Thy holy angels, to be brought into Thy holy tabernacle before the sight of Thy Divine Majesty."

4. From the *Pater noster* to the *Agnus Dei*:

The new liturgy, while retaining the *Pater noster*, omits entirely the prayer after it, which is simply an expansion of the last petition, and along with it the "fraction" of the Host, and the "commixture," or putting a particle of the Host into the chalice. It goes on at once to the *Pax Domini*, and to the *Agnus Dei*, which, however, is used, not as a prayer addressed to the Blessed Sacrament on the altar, but historically: "Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is offered up for us once for all when He bare our sins on His Body upon the Cross, for He is the very Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world: wherefore let us keep a joyful and holy feast with the Lord."

The *Agnus Dei* was, however, ordered to be sung by the clerks "in the Communion-time."

After this there was a complete departure from the Missal, to make way, with some slight changes, for the order of Communion of 1548 described above. Then was sung a verse of Holy Scripture, "called the Postcommunion," followed by a prayer and the blessing.

Such was the Communion Service in Cranmer's first Prayer Book. The Council anticipated oppo-

sition to it, and it is interesting to see how it was received, first, by the general body of the people, and secondly, by the Swiss Reformers, the followers of Calvin, who had watched its progress with great anxiety.

To the people, who had all their lives been accustomed to the Mass, the words of which, even in Latin, had by long use become familiar and intelligible to them, the new liturgy came with all the force of a shock. The old ceremonies, the old vestments—for by the new rubric a cope might be substituted for the chasuble—disappeared from their bewildered eyes. The most solemn part of the Mass, when all had been wont to bow down in adoration of their Incarnate God just descended on the altar, was divested of its solemnity; there was no longer either elevation or adoration. The Blessed Sacrament was even removed from the tabernacle. For a time there was diversity of practice, and force was used to drive men to the uniformity prescribed by the Act. Bonner, Bishop of London, who resolutely refused to use the new form, and after several examinations before the Council was committed to prison in the Marshalsea, addressed to the Archbishop these noble words: "Three things I have, to wit, a small portion of goods, a poor carcass, and mine own soul: the two first ye may take (though unjustly) to you; but as for my soul, ye get it not *quia anima mea in manibus meis semper*."

From many parts of the country, from Wilts, Sussex, Surrey, Hants, Berks, Kent, Gloucester, Somerset, Suffolk, Warwick, Essex, Hertford, Leicester, Worcester, and Rutland, came news of insur-

rections, which, however being without concert and without leaders, speedily came to an end. More dangerous were the risings in Oxford, Norfolk, Cornwall, and Devon. In the last-named county, the very day after the new liturgy had been read for the first time, the parishioners compelled the clergyman to return to the ancient Service. Before the men of Devon were reduced to order, four thousand are said to have perished in the field, or by the hand of the executioner.[1] "Terror was struck into the minds of the people by the sight of the executions, fixed for the market-days, of priests dangling from the steeples of their parish churches, and of the heads of laymen set up in the high places of the towns."[2] It can hardly be said that the English people eagerly welcomed the new Service, and appreciated the benefit of worshipping God in their own tongue.

By the Helvetian Reformers the book was received with feelings of dissatisfaction and disappointment. Their hopes that Cranmer favoured their views had been raised to the highest point by the debate on the Sacrament in Parliament. They had tried every means to work upon his mind, by letters and by the personal influence of their envoy, John a Lasco, who resided with Cranmer for some months; but when the book appeared, it was Lutheran rather than Calvinistic. Luther's ritual retained the general outline of the Mass, and in this the English order resembled it. In one point there is a difference. Luther hated the Canon of the Mass, and employed the whole power of his virulent pen to abuse it.

[1] Lingard, *History*, v. p. 291.

[2] Gasquet, p. 254.

Consequently, in his Service, he swept it away entirely, retaining only the words of institution, without substituting, as Cranmer did, a single prayer in its place. From the service-books of the Swiss Reformers every trace of resemblance to the Mass was removed. Thus the new book was extremely distasteful to them. Either Cranmer had not advanced in his theological opinions as far as he did later, or his caution made him afraid of moving too fast in the direction which he afterwards took. That the latter alternative is more probably the true one appears from his subsequent controversy with Gardiner.

3.—The Second Prayer Book of 1552.

After the introduction of the new liturgy the spirit of change governed the day. The Mass had been abolished, and now the altars in the churches were destroyed, the lights were extinguished, the sacred images and pictures were removed, the walls whitewashed and decorated only with the royal arms and texts from Scripture. Even before the introduction of the Prayer Book on Whit Sunday, 1549, indications had been given that it was but a temporary measure, and that Cranmer had only been ascertaining how far it was safe to go. In December, 1550, Cranmer had been attacked by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who, contrasting the Prayer Book with Cranmer's work on the Sacrament, published in the previous year, endeavoured to show that the one was not consistent with the other; that while the words of the Prayer Book might be taken in a Catholic sense on many points in regard to the

Blessed Sacrament, that sense did not agree with what Cranmer had previously maintained. Cranmer, in reply, vigorously defended his consistency by proving that the Prayer Book was in entire agreement with his work; and in doing this he made it clear that even if, by straining the meaning of the words of the new Service, a Catholic sense could be extracted from them, such was not the sense intended by him. However, it is a significant fact that everything in the Prayer Book so adduced by Gardiner, in this attack upon Cranmer, was changed in the second book.

It had been evident in 1550 that a new Book of Common Prayer was under consideration. There is nothing to show who the revisers were, but in this case, as in the first, Cranmer was certainly the guiding spirit. A very cursory examination of the result of their labours will suffice to show that the general outward resemblance in external form and arrangement to the Mass, which had been maintained in the First Book, was now completely obliterated.

The Communion Service in the Second Book was much shorter than the other. It began with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, the Introit being omitted, and the *Kyrie* made part of the people's response to each of the Commandments.

The *Gloria in excelsis* was transferred to the end of the service.

Then followed the Collect, Epistle, Gospel, and Creed, and in this sequence is found the only point of similarity with the Mass.

Next, the Offertory sentences changed place with the exhortations to the communicants, the prayer for the state of the Church Militant, which formed the first part of Cranmer's substitute for the Canon, coming between them. The prayer for the dead was entirely omitted.

The general confession and absolution, which had been left in its old place before the Communion, now followed the exhortations, and was succeeded by the Preface and the *Sanctus*, in which, no doubt for doctrinal reasons, "Blessed is He Who cometh in the name of the Lord" was changed into "Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High."

The next change is significant. The "prayer of humble access," which had been said kneeling just before the Communion, and which Gardiner had pointed out to Cranmer as an act of adoration, was now placed just *before the prayer of consecration*, so as to exclude all suspicion that any adoration was intended.

All that was left of the Canon of 1549 was the prayer of consecration, which now consisted of an altered version of the first half of the old prayer, followed by the words of institution. The rest of the Canon was swept away, and the prayer of consecration was succeeded immediately by the Communion. The first book had left the form of administration practically the same as that in the Missal. In the new book the rubric for the first time ordered the minister to deliver the bread "to the people, *in their hands*," and the forms run thus: "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

Drink this in remembrance that Christ's Blood was shed for thee, and be thankful."[1]

The Communion was followed by the Lord's Prayer, by another which is worthy of remark as containing the only words which were directly translated from the ancient Canon (*non æstimator meriti, sed veniæ, quæsumus, largitor*), and by the *Gloria in excelsis;* and, lastly, the people were dismissed with the blessing.

It is to be noted that there is no direction given as to the time of placing the bread and wine on the table, and that the word "altar," which is frequently used in the First Book, nowhere occurs in the new service, the words "table," or "God's board," being substituted for it. The position also of the table was changed from the east end to the body of the church, so that lengthwise it stood east and west, and the minister was directed to take his place on the north side.

Another rubric, commonly called the "Black Rubric," which does not appear in the earliest copies of the book, but which was issued as a royal proclamation and annexed to the subsequent copies, runs as follows: "Whereas it is ordained in this office for the administration of the Lord's Supper, that the communicants should receive the same kneeling (which order is well meant for a signification of our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ therein given to all worthy receivers, and for the avoiding of such profanation and disorder in the Holy Communion as might otherwise ensue);

[1] The forms used at the present time combine the forms of 1549 with those of 1552.

yet, lest the same kneeling should by any persons, either out of ignorance and infirmity, or out of malice and obstinacy, be misconstrued and depraved, it is hereby declared that thereby no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread or Wine, there bodily received, or unto any real and essential Presence of Christ's natural Flesh or Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); and the natural Body and Blood of Our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one."[1]

Such was the Communion Service in the second book of Edward VI., as sanctioned by Parliament on April 14th, 1552. After its suspension in Mary's reign it was revived by Elizabeth with a few changes in 1559, and in almost the same form it remains to the present day.

Are words necessary to point the obvious moral of the above narrative? Between an ancient worship of which sacrifice was the central act, and a substituted worship which has weeded its Service Book of every sacrificial expression, what continuity can there be, save perhaps that of a worship which once had life with its lifeless corpse?

[1] The Black Rubric did not appear in the Liturgy of Queen Elizabeth, but was restored in the Revision of 1661; with, however, a change of the words "real and essential" into "corporeal." So it remains till the present day.

Blessed Margaret Mary.

1646–1690.

By Lady Amabel Kerr.

Blessed Margaret was born on the 22nd of July, 1646, at Lhautecour, one of the scattered, straggling hamlets of which the village of Verosvres, lying in a rocky valley in the heart of Burgundy, is composed. She was born into a position of some importance for that remote part of the world, for her father held the post, first of notary, and subsequently of judge of the surrounding district. This, together with the fact that his brother Anthony was parish-priest of Verosvres for a considerable number of years, made the name of Alacoque one of the best known and most respected in the neighbourhood.

Four sons, John, Claude, Chrysostom, and James, with Margaret, the only surviving daughter, made up the family of Claude Alacoque: but besides his own wife and children, the worthy notary provided a home for his maiden sister, Catherine, and his married sister, Benoite, together with her husband, Toussaint Delaroche, and their tribe of young children.

The house in which this patriarchal family dwelt still stands, in very much the same condition as it was then. It is divided into two parts by a court-yard, in the centre of which the old well, with its pent-roof of granite slabs, remains untouched. So also does the outside gallery, by which the rooms of the upper floor are reached by means of a flight of granite steps; for at Verosvres, as in many mountainous districts, slabs of stone serve the purpose equally of planks, tiles, and bricks. The dwelling part of the house was mostly composed of large low rooms, opening out of one of which is Blessed Margaret's little bed-chamber, now converted into a chapel.

The building stands in the middle of a large garden, terminating in a narrow, rocky valley, on the further

side of which stands the parish church. This valley was Margaret's favourite resort when she wished to be alone with God, and is sanctified by her prayers and mystical communion with Him.

Here, in this remote home, and under the eye of her good parents, Margaret passed the earliest years of her life, imbibing the things of God with a rare aptitude. But when she was only four years old she went to live for a time with her godmother, Madame de Faulvières, the wealthy lady of Corcherel, who was childless, and would no doubt, had she lived, have adopted Margaret as her own. The change of scene developed in the child all the qualities which afterwards made our Divine Lord choose her as the humble recipient of His intimate revelations. Though only three miles away from Lhautecour, the features of the country were very different from those of her own home; and Margaret herself has described how she loved to lose herself in the solitude of the grand old forest which surrounded Corcherel, there in her baby way to commune with God. In the chapel attached to the castle she spent many hours, kneeling with bare knees, impelled by some divine instinct to show in this manner her greater reverence for the Blessed Sacrament.

It was while she was at Corcherel that she performed an act which perhaps changed the destinies of her whole life. When barely seven years old she was moved to make a vow of perpetual chastity, the meaning of which she did not understand. All she knew was that it meant an entire gift of herself to God; and as such she made it. That it was, however, a real vow, binding on her conscience, will be seen in the sequel.

Madame de Faulvières died in 1655, when Margaret was only eight years old; and as she had made no provision for her little god-daughter, the child returned to her father's home. There, however, a fresh loss awaited her, for in the same year Claude Alacoque died, leaving his temporal affairs in a most wretched state, which necessitated not only a complete revolution in domestic arrangements, but the breaking up of the family. The two eldest boys were sent to be educated at Cluny, while their uncle Anthony undertook the charge of

Chrysostom and James. Madame Alacoque, weak in health, and never possessed of much strength of mind, tried to keep her little daughter with her; but having consigned her to the charge of a maid who proved to be anything but a good companion for a young girl, she was sent to a school kept by the Poor Clares at Charolles.

There, at the age of nine, Margaret made her First Communion; and there also she was confirmed, and took in addition to her baptismal name that of Mary, which is so inseparably connected with her memory. At Charolles, moreover, she made her first acquaintance with the cloistered life, the deep impression received being probably indelible. A serious and lingering illness curtailed her school life, and compelled the Poor Clares to send the child home to her mother; and it was only after four years of suffering and invalid life that she recovered her health.

During those long lingering years of suffering the young girl's heart was drawn to prayer. Fearing that in spite of her fervour she did not know how to pray rightly, Margaret implored God to teach her the secret. Even in those days our Blessed Lord made His presence manifestly known to her, and spoke to her in a way that was palpable to her senses and not only to her soul. She was never surprised at this, for she thought that everyone who prayed experienced the same that she did. In this sensible manner He showed the sick child how to pray, in a way that she has herself described. "My sovereign Lord," she says, "taught me how to do it, and to this method I have kept all my life. He made me kneel humbly before Him, and ask pardon for everything whereby I had offended Him; and then, having adored Him, I offered to Him my prayer, without knowing how to set about it. Then He presented Himself to me in the mystery He willed me to contemplate, and He so fixed my mind on it, holding my soul, and all my powers so absorbed in Him, that I felt no distraction. My heart was consumed with the desire to love Him; and this desire gave me an insatiable longing for Holy Communion, as well as for suffering." Thus does she first make mention of

that desire for suffering, which was to become, as it were, the ruling passion of her life.

Meanwhile, the home at Lhautecour was quite changed from what it had been in the happy days of Margaret's childhood. The establishment was completely under the control of the Delaroches, Toussaint having undertaken to put his brother-in-law's money affairs straight. No doubt he was a strictly honest and upright man, actuated by the sole desire to accomplish the task he had undertaken; but it is also certain that he and his wife caused their authority to be felt most disagreeably, and placed Madame Alacoque and her daughter in an unnecessarily subordinate position. They could do nothing without the permission of the virtual masters of the house; the stores, and even their clothes, being kept under lock and key. When Margaret, longing to pour out her troubles at the foot of the altar, asked leave to go to the church, it was harshly refused by her aunt, who, adding insult to her tyranny, accused her niece of wishing to keep some private assignation under pretence of a desire to say her prayers.

Margaret's gentle spirit sank under this harsh treatment, and she describes her state as one of constant fear. When she could, she would escape into the garden, and there hide for the whole day, not daring to return home, and tasting no food, unless some kind-hearted peasant, indignant, no doubt, at the conduct of her relatives, brought her some fruit or milk. Her favourite retreat was, as has already been mentioned, the rocky valley at the extremity of the garden. Although to reach the church from that spot involved a circuitous and laborious ascent, it seemed quite close to the girl as she gazed at it across the valley: and casting herself on her knees under the shelter of a certain large granite boulder, she became lost in prayer, regardless of the scolding which she knew awaited her on her return to the house.

This hard and mortifying life was very fruitful to Margaret's soul; for she was not slow in making use of the daily opportunities it afforded her of gratifying that love of suffering which our Blessed Lord had implanted in her heart. Not only did she welcome all the oc-

casions of indulging it that came to her, calling those who inflicted it by no other name than that of "the dear benefactors of her soul," but she supplemented their severity by the most heroic acts of voluntary mortification. It was not until her health began to give way under this treatment that her mother discovered it, and put a temporary stop to it by making her sleep with her—a mortification which Margaret describes as greater to her than any other.

The girl craved for privacy, not only in order to continue her self-macerations, but also to conceal the fervour of her prayers, and the favours with which our Divine Lord now began to load her He almost habitually presented Himself sensibly to her, either as crucified, as carrying the Cross, or as the *Ecce Homo*, thus increasing tenfold her thirst for suffering. "It was at this time," she writes, while describing her domestic persecutions, "that my Divine Master disclosed to me, without my comprehending the manner of His doing so, that it was His wish to be absolute ruler of my heart, rendering my life in all things conformable to His suffering life. He wished to make Himself present to my soul, so as to enable me to act as He Himself had acted in the midst of His cruel Passion, which He endured for love of me. From that moment my soul was so deeply impressed that I could have wished my sufferings never to cease for a single instant. . . . . I desired to consume myself in His Presence like the wax which I saw burning on the altar, so as thus to give back love for love."

The mode of these manifestations is difficult to comprehend, for though our Lord made His Presence sensibly felt by her, He did not at that time, or till some years later, appear to her in person, as He did when He made to her His revelations of the Sacred Heart, when she nearly died from the effects of what she saw. "I see Him," she writes when trying to explain what she experienced, "I feel Him near me, and I hear Him much better than I could with my bodily senses."

Thus was Margaret apparently getting nearer and nearer to God, and, probably, to the religious life; when suddenly her circumstances were changed, and

events occurred which prevented her from giving herself entirely to God, and kept her in the world for seven long years. When she was sixteen, her eldest brother, John, who had reached man's estate, came home, and took the management of his affairs into his own hands. Thanks to his uncle's rigid and harsh economy, John found himself in the enviable position of a wealthy young man, and filled his house with gay and congenial society.

Strange as it may seem to us who have been allowed to peep behind the veil of Margaret's interior life, made up of absorbed prayer and intimate communion with God, she was for a time carried away by the life of pleasure into which she was plunged. Under the influence of contact with the world, her prayers grew fewer, and her reception of the sacraments less frequent. She was not, however, allowed to walk unhindered on the lower level she had chosen. Our Divine Lord, still making Himself manifest to her as He had done when she listened more readily to His voice, pursued her even into the midst of the gay and giddy company she frequented, and there pierced her through and through with the pain of divine love. The struggle thus engendered within her soul was truly terrible, and cost her veritable anguish. Night after night, when she returned from her pleasures, she would cast herself on her face before God in the solitude of her little room, imploring His pardon and taking the most pitiless revenge on her frail body. And then, once more the intoxication of pleasure would master her, to be followed in its turn by the same remorse and sanguinary mortifications. Be it understood that her amusements at this time were, in the eyes of the world, innocent enough, and that no breath of slander ever attached itself to her name. Even what she always called her 'great sin,' that of going masked to some carnival revel, was an action that nobody condemned. But to the end of her life, Blessed Margaret did unceasing penance for those months of worldliness.

It was not long, however, before her Divine Master resumed complete dominion over the soul of His servant. Appearing one day before her as He was when

He had been scourged, He laid His condition to her charge, and reproached her for thus persecuting Him, after all the tokens of love that He had lavished on her. From that moment pleasure had no longer any attraction for her, and she felt moved to consecrate herself without further delay entirely to God. But the time of trial and temptation was by no means over; and the first mention of the religious life drew down on her a storm that she had not anticipated.

Both her elder brothers died unmarried in the prime of their youth, and Chrysostom was now head of the family. He was married, and the arrival of a somewhat uncongenial daughter-in-law as mistress of the house was very unpleasant to Madame Alacoque. Vehemently, and even tearfully, she urged her daughter to marry, so as to afford her an independent home, and render her last years happy.

Margaret felt the keenest aversion from the married state; but her love for God having been weakened by the worldly life she had been leading, she might out of mere tenderness for her mother have yielded to her wishes, had it not been for that vow of chastity made by her when she was little more than an infant. The struggle between her love for God and her affection for her mother was very terrible; for Madame Alacoque did not spare her daughter's feelings, and assured her she should die of grief if she did not accede to her wishes; and, still more, if she entered religion.

Perhaps this outer pressure was less hard to resist than the new and sudden repugnance to the religious life with which her Divine Master suffered her to be seized. On one hand she disliked the thought of the trammels that any rule would put on her devotion; and on the other she dreaded the heights of perfection to which it might bind her. She tried to make a compromise. She studied the lives of the saints, but avoided those whom she thought nearest to God. "Opening a book," she says, "I would say to myself: Come, let me look for a saint easy to imitate, so that I may be like her!" But she found to her dismay that even those whom she considered least elevated in their holiness cared only and entirely for the things of God.

Then, even while she had not even the moral courage finally to dismiss the various suitors for her hand, whom her mother encouraged, she tried to satisfy her conscience by leading a semi-religious life in the world; by practising obedience, and devoting herself to the care of the poor and sick. Overcoming her natural repugnance to children, she used to gather together the waifs and strays of the neighbourhood, and in spite of the half good-natured gibes of Chrysostom, and the scoldings of her maiden-aunt Catherine, she taught them their religion in the old smoke and time blackened hall which still exists. But, as was to be expected, all these good works, instead of making her satisfied with the world, brought her ever nearer to the religious life, into which the grace of God was driving her.

The time came speedily when her Divine Master would no longer permit His chosen spouse to vacillate. "Learn," said He to her one memorable day, after she had received Communion; "Learn that if thou despisest Me, and doest this thing, I will leave thee for ever. But if thou art faithful I will not forsake thee, and will gain for thee the victory over thine opponents. I excuse thine ignorance, for thou knowest Me not yet; but if thou art faithful I will teach thee to know Me."

Before she left the church that morning Margaret solemnly renewed the vow of her childhood, and when she reached home she announced her irrevocable determination to enter religion. No further active opposition was made to her wishes, though her relatives confidently assured her that her obstinancy would kill her mother. We hear but little more of Madame Alacoque; but as she did not die till 1676, it is satisfactory to know that she did not carry out her threat of dying from the effects of her daughter's desertion.

In spite of the nominal withdrawal of all opposition on the part of her family they contrived to delay the final settlement of her fortune for three years, till Margaret in her helplessness cried to God to send her some one who could help her. "Am not I sufficient?" was the secret answer vouchsafed to her. "What dost thou fear?" Still God condescended to her appeal, and sent the human help for which she

craved. A mission was preached at Verosvres by a Franciscan friar; and Margaret, having opened her heart to him and related her trials and difficulties, he undertook to remonstrate with Chrysostom, and persuade him that in resisting his sister's vocation, he was resisting God. His words were effectual; and on the 25th of May, 1671, her brother took her at her request to the Convent of the Visitation at Paray, to make inquiries whether she could be received there.

That the hand of God was in her choice we know, but it does not seem clear what special reasons prompted her in her selection either of the Visitation or of the particular convent at Paray. The only motive that she assigned was that it was removed from her home and from all her friends, "I wish to enter religion for God alone," said she. "I wish to leave the world entirely, and hide myself in some corner where I can forget it, and be as completely forgotten by it." She further relates that while making inquiries about various convents, the moment the name of Paray was mentioned, her heart dilated, and she at once expressed a wish to go there. And as that day she crossed the threshold with Chrysostom, she knew that she had found her home, and looked so blithe and gay that those who beheld her said that she would never be a nun.

Her final choice was made, and after a few last weeks spent at home, she left it for good, on June 25, 1671, having nearly completed her twenty-sixth year. Her desire was accomplished, and she was filled with an apparent calmness as she bade farewell to her family; but suddenly her human heart broke down, and she shed such torrents of tears as to scandalize those who beheld her.

Paray has been described as a solitude full of the presence of God and the forgetfulness of the world; and probably in no convent within her reach would Blessed Margaret have met with such opportunities of practising those virtues most dear to her. Nowhere, moreover, would the favours bestowed on her by our Lord have been more searchingly tried in the fire than they were there. The unusual ways by which God led her during

her nineteen years of conventual life, and the ceaseless contradictions and trials which He suffered her to endure at the hands of the pious nuns who formed the community at Paray, are among those mysteries of His Providence which can be explained to us only by the heights of perfection to which the blessed servant of God was led by their means.

The wave of rigidity, which in the outer world culminated in Jansenism and Port-Royal, had penetrated this cloister sufficiently to infuse into its spiritual life a certain element of austerity and want of imagination which rendered it an uncongenial birthplace for such a devotion as was revealed within its walls. The passion of the community for the rule as given to them by their saintly founders, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, took the form of an uncompromising indignation at any apparent deviation from it, and even at any form of piety which seemed to them like an innovation. When recounting the virtues of Sister Seraphica de la Martiniére, nothing further could be said in her praise than that she had looked on everything elevated and sublime with suspicion. "My rule, my superior, my ordinary confessor; these are enough for me!" were the treasured and oft-repeated words of Sister Catherine Marest; while the self-imposed maxim of Sister Hyacinth Courtine—"Nothing more and nothing less than the rule"—had been adopted as a proverb by the community. That this devotion to the rule was no empty form of words was proved by the name of the "Thabor of superiors," which had been given to the convent at Paray.

The special devotions which marked the religious life of the sisters were characteristic of the spirit which governed them. One was renowned for her devotion to the immensity of God, and another to His justice; while another was so penetrated by the sense of His majesty that she always did her work kneeling. Several, indeed, were remarkable for their love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; but devotion to the crucifix was the chief characteristic of the community. In short, generosity marked every action of these nuns, to the detriment, perhaps, of that tenderness which so peculiarly belonged to their founder.

During her noviciate our Divine Lord deigned to inundate the soul of Blessed Margaret with spiritual favours such as she had not before experienced. Her first request to the mistress of novices had been to be taught how to pray. "Go," said Mother de Thouvant in reply, "place yourself before God like a canvas before a painter, and let Him paint on it whatsoever He will." These words made a great impression on Margaret's mind, and had much influence on her method of prayer; but when she spoke them, the mistress of novices had but little idea what designs our Lord intended to engrave on the heart of His servant.

The moment she placed herself upon her knees to pray, all her faculties were absorbed in the contemplation of God. Constantly, nay almost continually, did her Divine Master present Himself to her senses under one or other of two aspects, which she tried under obedience to describe, defining them as the holiness of justice and the holiness of love. Under the first aspect He was so terrible that the vision crushed her, kept her perforce on her knees, and made her long to annihilate herself at His feet. So great a horror of herself did it inspire, that had not those present snatched the discipline from her hands, she would have cut herself to pieces. Under the aspect of the holiness of love, our Divine Lord's presence overwhelmed her in another way, making her so long for union with Him that she knew no rest by day or by night. "O my God!" she cried, "either cease Thy sweetness, or increase my capacity for receiving it." So great was her interior joy at that time that she was as one beside herself; and yet so keen was her desire for suffering that she begged her Divine Master to discontinue His favours. "Alas, my Lord," said she, "and wilt Thou never let me suffer?" And then for her consolation, He showed her a cross covered with flowers, and told her that the blossoms would fall off one by one, and the thorns only remain. And these words were as balm to her yearning soul.

But even while the Lord thus loaded her with favours He rebuked her for every slightest infidelity in His service. "Learn," said He, "that I am a holy master

and a teacher of holiness, who cannot endure the smallest stain." On one occasion when she had given way to some passing movement of vanity while speaking of herself, He appeared to her, transformed by His anger, "What art thou, O dust and ashes," said He, "that thou canst take glory to thyself, for thou art nothingness! That thou mayst not forget that which thou art, I will place before thee a picture of thyself." And as for a moment God suffered her to see herself as He saw her, she was so crushed to the earth, that it seemed as if she would die. "O my God," she cried in anguish, "either slay me or take away the picture!"

Meanwhile, the supernatural life that this servant of God was leading was the source of much disquietude in the community, for her ways were not the ways of those around her. The superior at Paray was Mother de Saumaise, who had been appointed to that office soon after Blessed Margaret's clothing; and the unusual spiritual life of the young novice filled her with the most anxious doubts as to the reality of her vocation. While their superior hesitated and sought for light and guidance, the religious as a body forestalled her judgment, and conceived a violent dislike for the humble servant of God, the character of whose interior life seemed to them so contrary to the unostentatious, hidden spirit of the Visitation. It is true that Margaret put a tremendous strain upon herself to observe the smallest details of the rule, and was even heroic in her efforts to overcome whatever was repugnant to her, nor could anyone deny her humble obedience; but it was equally true that all her endeavours were futile to produce anything like conformity to the pattern presented to her of what a nun of the Visitation ought to be.

She was tried at one employment after the other; but in vain. If put to sweep the passages, the broom would fall from her hands, and she would remain absorbed in God! So too, when sent to help in the kitchen, her so-called absence of mind threatened disasters to the health and lives of the community. For a time she was placed as assistant infirmarian under the practical Sister Catherine Marest, who, in conscientious discharge of her duty, ruled the humble

novice with a rod of iron. But her work among the sick was attended with no better success than elsewhere; and an infirmarian who in the midst of her duties was apt to get lost to things of time and sense could not be tolerated. In order that no chance might be given her of indulging her visionary tendencies, she was set for some time to keep guard over an ass and her foal, and prevent them from trespassing on the vegetable garden. Resisting her longing for prayer, Margaret kept steadfastly to her task; and for this faithful obedience God rewarded her in a way she has thus described: "So happy was I in this occupation that I should not have cared if it had lasted all my life. My sovereign Lord kept me such faithful company that all my running about did not deprive me of His presence; and I experienced as much consolation as if I had been before the Blessed Sacrament."

As the year of Margaret's noviciate drew towards its close, Mother de Saumaise's state of indecision grew more painful; for holy, humble, and obedient as she believed the servant of God to be, she could not forget that when they had founded the Visitation, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, kneeling side by side, had petitioned God never to send any extraordinary graces to the Order. The very favours and exceptional gifts bestowed on His servant by God seemed to stand in the way of her vocation. Consequently, the year was allowed to pass without her making her profession. Some months later, however, Mother de Saumaise, dissatisfied with her own decision, relented, on condition that Margaret would petition God to lead her by more ordinary ways; and on the 6th of November, 1672, she took her vows.

From henceforward the servant of God was, according to her own expression, ruled by three tyrants, the love of contempt, the love of suffering, and the love of Jesus Christ. The one thing she feared was praise; and she implored her Divine Master never to let her be known for anything except what would draw on her blame and confusion. "I shall never have peace of soul, "she writes, "until I am in an abyss of suffering and humiliation, unknown to the world and everlastingly forgotten.

If only people knew the desire I have to be humbled and despised, no doubt their charity would move them to gratify me." Prompted by her fear of praise and vain glory, she sometimes acted in a way to draw down on her our Blessed Lord's reproaches. Thus, knowing how her states of absorption in prayer were watched and criticized by her companions, she took to going to her cell to pray, instead of remaining in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. "Learn," said her Divine Master to her, "that if thou withdrawest from My presence thou wilt repent it; and so will those who are the cause of it. I will hide My presence from them, and they shall not find Me when they seek Me."

Most willingly did Margaret yield herself to what she called the second of her three tyrants, for it was only suffering, she said, that made her life endurable. Now began that long life of physical pain which ceased only with her death, and which was increased year by year by new and supernatural torments. She welcomed with real joy every opportunity of suffering that came to her from natural causes. Thus we read how, later in her life, when she had an abscess on her hand which the doctor cut and probed with the surgical severity of the the times, she neither moved nor uttered a sound. "It is an excellent thing to be holy," said the physician, who regarded her as a saint, "since it makes you insensible to pain." Constant attacks of fever and prostration kept her from leading the ordinary community life; but not content with these sufferings imposed on her directly by the hand of God, she added to them in every way that she could devise which was consistent with obedience. She mingled ashes with her food, and though pursued by a continual and unquenchable thirst, she abstained from drinking for days together. Planks, sticks, and even broken tiles were her bed.

But the most exacting of her tyrants was the third, the love of Jesus Christ. Of her devotion in receiving Communion, it is enough to say that of all her great sufferings none equalled that of being deprived of it. Her own expression was that she would joyfully walk through the flames to receive it. In prayer all her faculties were fixed on our Lord: the least look, the

slightest momentary distraction, even a change of posture were wept and bewailed by her as terrible sins. But beyond and above this faithfulness in the worship of her Master, there grew on her states of supernatural absorption in prayer, when she no longer had the will or even the power to move, or to divert her mind from its one supreme object. For hours, sometimes for the whole night through, she remained on her knees without sign or movement, oblivious to all sensation and every sight and sound, save only to the voice of obedience. We are told of the experiments tried on her by her companions, and of how, for instance, one night when she was in this state, a sister gave her a message from the superior to go and warm herself. Immediately alert, she rose and stood by the fire for a quarter of an hour, and then tranquilly returning to the chapel, she fell back into her state of absorption. This supernatural prayer, instead of convincing the community that they had in their midst one highly favoured by God, increased the suspicion with which they regarded her. They could not explain to their satisfaction how one whose health was so weak as to preclude her from following the most ordinary community exercises, should be able to remain motionless on her knees for hours together, and because they could not explain it they made up their minds that her mysterious illnesses were hysterical, and that her devotion was certainly the work of delusion, and possibly of the devil. The point that most aggravated them was that their superior should be, as they considered, the dupe of this visionary. It was indeed a fact that severely as Mother de Saumaise tested Blessed Margaret's spiritual life, and unremitting as she was in her endeavours to humiliate and mortify her, the conviction had forced itself on her that her supernatural life came from God alone. It was our Lord's blessed will to give His servant this wise and gifted superior to be her guide and confidante at this critical time; for the hour was rapidly approaching when He was going to reveal His secrets to His chosen spouse.

It was barely a year after Blessed Margaret's profession that she received the first revelation of the Sacred Heart, which, with the two that followed it, was

to make such a deep impression on the devotion of succeeding ages. Nearly four hundred years before, it had been made known to St. Gertrude that the revelation of this devotion was reserved for a later time, when the charity of men would have grown cold. This period in the world's history had now come. With heresy and schism rampant, tainting what they could not destroy; with coldness and half-heartedness chilling spiritual life within the Church, the time might well be considered ripe for this revelation of our Lord's love, intended to rally round Him those who were still on His side.

The account of the revelation vouchsafed to the humble and obscure nun of the Visitation can best be described in her own words. "One day (this was on the 27th of December, 1673), being before the Blessed Sacrament, and having the time, I felt myself possessed by the divine presence so powerfully that I forgot myself and the place where I was, and gave myself over to the Divine Spirit, yielding my heart to His love." Having thus begun, she describes how, as she knelt at the grille, our Blessed Lord appeared to her, with the wound in His sacred side visible, and therein His Divine Heart more brilliant than the sun, and transparent as crystal; and having related how He made her lay her head on His breast, where once before the beloved disciple laid his, she thus continued: "He then made known to me the marvels of His love, and the unutterable secrets of His Sacred Heart, which hitherto He had kept hidden from me, and which He now revealed to me for the first time. This is what as it seems to me, took place; our Lord said to me, 'My Heart is so possessed by love for men, that being unable to contain within itself the fire of its burning love, it must diffuse itself by thy means. I have chosen thee, an abyss of unworthiness and ignorance to accomplish this great thing, so that all may know that it is I Myself who do it.'" Then her Divine Master took her heart from her, and having placed it within His own, all burning with love, He returned it to her; and ever after the pain she suffered from the invisible wound in her side was so intense that she could hardly bear it.

This revelation was unlike anything she had received

before, and she was as one beside herself for a time. Her companions, alarmed at the almost demented state she was in, led or dragged her to Mother de Saumaise, in whose private ear she recounted what had occurred, though making known the secrets she had heard was a very torture to her.

Mother de Saumaise, perplexed and troubled, commanded the servant of God to write an account of the revelation she professed to have received. She had indeed issued the same command on the occasion of previous visions; but what was then committed to paper has been lost to us, for Blessed Margaret's shrinking dread of publicity made her burn what she had written as soon as her superior had seen it. The account of her later revelations has fortunately been preserved to us and goes by the name of her Memoir. Its opening words betray how deep was the writer's horror of committing to paper the secrets of God. "Only for love of Thee," she says, "do I submit to write these pages, being called thereto by obedience. I ask Thy pardon for the resistance I have made; but as Thou alone knowest the repugnance I feel, so also is it Thou alone who canst give me the strength to overcome it. I receive this command as if it came from Thee, hoping thereby to make satisfaction for the too great care I have always taken to indulge my longing to be lost in oblivion. O my Sovereign Good, may I write nothing except for Thy greater glory and my own confusion!"

So shattering were the effects of the apparition on her frail body, and so acute was the agony in her side, that for months Margaret was supposed to be dying. It was not till the summer of 1674 that she was able to resume her place in the chapel; and there on a certain day, the exact date of which is unknown, she received the second revelation. "Once more," she writes, trying to describe what happened, "my sweet Master Jesus Christ appeared to me. His Divine Heart was like a glowing furnace." Again He revealed to her the love of His Heart for men, and how it was wounded by their ingratitude, and especially by their cold treatment of Him in the Blessed Sacrament. "If

they would but return love for love," were His words to His servant, "I would count as nothing what I endured for them." He then desired that she, at least, should do all she could to make reparation for the ingratitude of men, and commanded her for that end to receive Communion on the first Friday of every month, and to watch with Him, prostrate on the ground, every Thursday night, in memory of His Passion, promising to make her then participate in that mortal sadness which He suffered in the Garden of Gethsemani.

Again, as on the previous occasion, like one beside herself, and scarcely able to move, she was almost carried to Mother de Saumaise. The superior received this second communication with much reserve, and allowed the servant of God to practice the two devotions revealed, only on condition that she asked for and obtained a sufficient recovery of health to enable her to follow the rule. Even the granting of this sign did not carry conviction to her mind. Afraid to trust her own judgment, and thoroughly perplexed as to what course she ought to pursue, Mother de Saumaise laid the whole matter before certain religious, selected from the monasteries in the neighbourhood. These, having formed themselves into a sort of court, called Blessed Margaret before them to give an account of what had occurred. For some end of His own, God allowed these men, chosen for their wisdom and holiness, to come to the unanimous conclusion that the whole thing was either delusion or deception, and that the sooner it was put a stop to the better. They therefore dismissed Margaret with a somewhat sneering injunction to go back and eat her dinner like an ordinary mortal!

She who knew so well that she was the victim of no delusion might now have failed in courage to carry out her Divine Master's purpose, had not He condescended to her weakness, and commanded her secretly to await the coming of one whom He was about to send to her aid.

The holy Jesuit, the venerable Father de la Colombière, whose name is so associated with the beginnings of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, was at this juncture sent to Paray, and among his other duties was appointed to give a retreat to the nuns of the Visita-

tion. As he first opened his lips to speak, it was revealed to Blessed Margaret that it was he whom God had sent to help her. However, she waited God's time, and it was not till Easter, when he was appointed confessor extraordinary to the convent, that she moved in the matter, and even then not of her own accord.

Mother de Saumaise, dissatisfied with the decision arrived at by her advisers, hailed the presence of the holy Jesuit to set her doubts at rest; and laid the whole matter of the revelations before him. And he, having asked an interview in the parlour with the chosen spouse of Christ, and heard the story from her own lips, was moved to believe that the message delivered to her had been sent by God indeed.

As may be imagined, the support of this counsellor sent by our Lord to His servant only tended to strengthen the ill-feeling entertained against her in the convent, and the indignation aroused in the hearts of her companions, by her so-called affectation of singularity. Nor did they spare the priest in their criticisms, blaming both him and their superior, the one for his credulity, and the other for her favouritism. While some in their displeasure declared that the obnoxious sister needed a doctor more than spiritual advice, others went so far as to say that it was rather a case for holy water; and a most unedifying spirit of contention and rivalry reigned in the convent.

Father de la Colombière was still at Paray when Blessed Margaret received the third and most important revelation of the Sacred Heart, one day in the octave of Corpus Christi, 1675. Our Lord appeared to His servant as before, and having again revealed to her His love for men, and His desire for reparation on their part, He added that it was His wish to have a special feast observed in honour of His Sacred Heart, on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi; and that she was to be His instrument for that end. This time Margaret felt no terror, nor did she fall into the alarming state which had overpowered her on the previous occasions. "But, my Lord," she protested in her humility, "to whom dost Thou speak? To a creature so despicable, and so miserable a sinner that

her unworthiness will but hinder the accomplishment of Thy designs" "What!" was the reply vouchsafed by her Divine Master, "Knowest thou not that I make use of the weak to confound the wise?" "But," she persisted, "give me at least the means to do what Thou commandest." "Go," said our Blessed Lord, "go and tell My servant to exert himself to establish this devotion, and thus to give pleasure to My Heart."

She faithfully recounted everything to Father de la Colombière, who was once more moved to believe that the message came from God; and, together with Blessed Margaret, solemnly consecrated himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the very day named by Him to be kept in its honour.

God saw fit to allow His servant the aid and support of this holy priest for a very short time. In 1676 he was sent away to England as chaplain to the Duchess of York, wife of our future James II. So promptly did the holy Jesuit obey the call that he had no time to take leave of Margaret, or give her any parting counsels, beyond a few hurriedly written lines in which he bade her leave all to God. For a moment her gentle heart quailed at the prospect of the solitary and unequal struggle against incredulity which lay before her; but a secret voice spoke to her: "Is not God enough?" and her spirit rose once more.

But a further and severe trial awaited the servant of God. The six years of the superiorship of Mother de Saumaise had expired, and she lost this wise cool-headed friend, in whose soul the devotion of the Sacred Heart had already struck a sympathetic chord. Her successor, Mother Greyfié, late superior at Annecy, was an altogether different person. Her very chief characteristics, her austerity and her almost blind devotion to the rule, formed a great contrast with the gentleness and breadth which marked the government of Mother de Saumaise. The incomer took the reins of office with the fixed purpose of sifting to the bottom this devotion, which by no means appealed to her soul, and of thoroughly testing the character of the sister who had proved such a subject of contention in the convent of Paray. So severe indeed was she towards the servant

of God that before her death she saw fit to express publicly her regret for having, as she expressed it, "too freely indulged the appetite which the humble Margaret had for mortifications and humiliations." The community no longer had any shadow of excuse for complaining of favouritism shown towards their companion: though, for all that, the new superior found that the healing of the divisions in the convent was no easy task.

After having heard from Margaret's lips the simple narrative of all there was to tell, the immediate action of Mother Greyfié was to pay absolutely no attention to what she had heard, to make no account of the sufferings of the humble sister, and to reduce her life to the exact level of those around her. No humiliations, no exactions of obedience, were too great to satisfy Margaret's thirst for suffering; though it made the hearts bleed of even those who did not like her to see her dragging herself about in unbearable agony, a raging fever consuming her. As during her noviciate, she was in spite of her sufferings, moved from one arduous post to another, however uncongenial or unsuited to her physical state it might be.

Each month seemed to increase her sufferings, which were one by one taken hold of, as it were, by our Lord, and conformed into a likeness of His own. "Receive, daughter, this cross," said He to her on one occasion. "I give it thee to place on thy heart, to have it always before thee, and to bear ever in thine arms. It will make thee feel great torment, unheard of and unceasing." The invisible wound in her side gave her excruciating agony, especially on Fridays; while a terrible injury she received in the head from the handle of the well, which escaped from her feeble grasp, was sanctified to her as she lay fainting on the ground, by a vision in which our Lord placed a crown of thorns on her brow; and ever after it seemed as if her head were on fire with pain. So too, when, burning with fever and unquenchable thirst, she would have shifted her weary position, the voice of her Master stopped her by reminding her that when He was on the Cross He had not moved from one side to the other.

She joyfully endured all this agony, together with all the aggravation of it entailed by her new superior's

rule. But when Mother Greyfié, further to mortify her, forbade her to practise the devotions in honour of the Sacred Heart, commanded by her Divine Master, she turned to Him for aid in her dilemma: nor was He slow to give it. Angry at the long resistance to His wishes, as well as at the spirit of discord and want of charity that reigned in the community, He suffered a much-loved young sister to die unexpectedly. Through His servant He announced to Mother Greyfié that this trial was sent as a judgment on the convent, and as a token of His displeasure. By God's grace the message found credence with the superior, and she restored the suspended permissions. Probably, in spite of her prejudices, there was growing within her a conviction that what she was fighting against might not, after all, be the work of delusion. As a test she commanded the humble servant of God to ask for a complete restoration to health for five months. The immediate granting of the petition, and furthermore the return of Margaret's former state of pain and prostration the very hour that the five months expired, did much to strengthen Mother Greyfié's growing convictions, though it in no way affected her system of treatment.

'Perhaps to Margaret's humble and diffident soul the worst suffering was caused by a misgiving that those who condemned her conduct and derided her supernatural communications might be right, and that she was, though ignorantly, acting under a delusion. When she laid this dread before our Blessed Lord, He gave her for her consolation three marks by which she might know that these favours came from Him. 1. They would always be accompanied by some humiliation on the part of others. 2. After receiving them she would be plunged in a sense of confusion and her own nothingness. 3. They would never cause in her, even in the slightest degree, any feeling of contempt towards others. Moreover, the fruit of these supernatural visitations would be love for Him, obedience to Him, obedience to His example, love of suffering and a willingness to suffer unperceived, and, finally, a great desire for Communion.

It was God's will that Blessed Margaret and the holy

priest whom He had raised up to help her should meet once more on earth. Father de la Colombière had passed three years at the court of the Duchess of York, leading the life of a religious, neither visiting nor being visited; when he was denounced in the vile Titus Oates plot. Though, thanks to his nationality, his life could not be taken directly, he was thrown into prison, and finally sent back to France so broken down in health by the hardships he had undergone, that he only lived a brief time after his return.

It was thought that the fine climate of Paray would suit him; and there he stayed till the end, seeing much of Mother Greyfié, and next to nothing of Blessed Margaret, thus showing how little there was that was human in their intercourse. "I saw her but once," he wrote to Mother de Saumaise, "but that once afforded me much consolation; for I found her extremely humble and submissive, with a great love of the Cross and a desire to be despised. Now these are marks which never deceive, and show by what spirit she is led."

The holy Jesuit lived six months at Paray, saying Mass when he could at the altar where our Lord had made His revelations, of the secret of which he was almost the sole guardian. His doctors would have sent him elsewhere, but Blessed Margaret made known to him that it was God's will that he should die at Paray. There he stayed, and there on the 15th of February, 1682, he breathed forth his soul.

Father de la Colombière's words had had great weight with Mother Greyfié; and though she continued to the end the same course of severe repression that she had always maintained in her dealings with the servant of God, she could no longer be counted among those who despised the revelations vouchsafed to her.

With the end of Mother Greyfié's superiorship ended also those humiliations so dear to Margaret on account of the sufferings they entailed. So precious indeed were they to her, that she loved the hand that inflicted them, and to the end cherished a special affection for her harsh superior. With the appointment of Mother Melin as her successor, a new phase began in Blessed Margaret's life; and during the years that remained

to her she was suffered to spread quietly the devotion committed to her keeping, diffusing around her the graces which had been poured into her soul ever since her childhood

Mother Melin belonged to the community of Paray, and had been from the first, in spite of public opinion, inclined to believe in the sanctity of the servant of God. Desirous of proving the great confidence she had in her, almost her first action was to appoint her to the important post of mistress of novices. With this began a trial of a new sort for the humble Margaret—a trial which the world would not have recognized as such, but the intensity of which was known only to God and herself. To her who declared that nothing but suffering made life endurable, these tokens of favour, added to the veneration in which she was speedily held by the novices, caused her more acute pain than could have done any humiliation.

Eight novices were under her direction, two of whom, Peronne des Farges and Rosalie Verchère must be mentioned by name. In their arms did she die, as she had herself foretold to them, and to their devotion and care in treasuring every word she uttered or committed to paper, do we owe most of our knowledge of the secrets of Blessed Margaret's interior life. All her rule was love—the love of God and the love of man; and so often was this theme on her lips that the novices likened her to St. John. The humble sister's reserve melted under the influence of the companionship and veneration of these fervent young souls; and, while professing to be passing on to them the maxims of their saintly founders, she poured into the hearts of her hearers the devotion which she had learned from our Lord Himself, and with burning words exhorted them to humility, love of suffering, and self-forgetfulness. The novices were quick to perceive that they were receiving no ordinary instructions, and by complaining of their want of memory for verbal teaching persuaded her to write them down; and to this pious fraud we owe many precious fragments.

The shrewd suspicion of her young disciples that her fervid exhortations had been gathered from no mere

books, was confirmed by the reading in the refectory of Father de la Colombière's published notes of retreats, in which, without mentioning any names, he described the revelations received in the chapel at Paray. The secret was out! And, unknown to Margaret, the novices, school-children, and lay-sisters learnt to regard her as a saint, and even kept as relics things she had used, attributing to them miraculous power.

Meanwhile, in the midst of her new labours and responsibilities, her Divine Master pursued her with His favours even as He had done in the days of her humiliation. Again and again did He reveal and impress on her the secrets of His Sacred Heart, His burning love for men, His desire for reparation, and His sweet promises to those who would honour Him in the way He wished to be honoured. Ever near His spouse, and manifest to her, He directed her in her new duties, so opposed to her retiring love of a hidden life; and endued her with unforeseen wisdom and a wonderful discernment of spirits in her guidance of the novices, even enabling her to read their secret thoughts. She unerringly detected false from true vocations; and on more than one occasion, persisting calmly in spite of the ill-feeling it aroused, she stopped the profession of those who, as it was afterwards discovered, had embraced the religious life either from hypocrisy or under coercion.

In the meantime, the confidence reposed in Blessed Margaret, and the spiritual progress of those under her direction had in no way abated the suspicion with which she was regarded by the older portion of the nuns. A latent spirit of ill-will against her smouldered, ready to burst into a flame at the slightest provocation. Such provocation was given by the indiscreet zeal of some of the novices.

Reading Blessed Margaret's thoughts, these young creatures felt sure that they could give her no greater pleasure than by showing devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Therefore, on her feast, they, with the sanction of Mother Melin, prepared as a surprise an altar, on which was enthroned a representation of this mystery. Feeling as if at last her hopes of the adoption

by the community of the devotion were about to be fulfilled, the servant of God threw herself on her knees and with the novices consecrated herself to the Heart of Jesus. Not content with this, Sisters Peronne and Rosalie ran off, and enthusiastically besought the older professed sisters to join in this act of consecration.

There was one nun in the convent, Sister Mary Magdalen Des Escures, who held a position of paramount influence over her companions, to which was mainly attributable the hostility towards Margaret and the devotion she wished to promote. The ardent pleading of the two novices kindled into open flame every latent feeling of indignation and antipathy in her soul. She sent back a scathing message to the mistress of novices, and neither she nor the superior were spared in the remarks of the community. Mother Melin, alarmed at the storm she had raised by her sanction of the novices' scheme, bade Margaret for the future to keep the devotion to herself. For a moment the heart of the servant of God failed her, and she owned in a letter to Mother Greyfié, then superior at Sémur, that she was tempted for a time to give up all efforts to carry out further her Lord's commands.

It was from the most unexpected quarter that she received support and sympathy. Mother Greyfié and Mother de Saumaise, then superior at Dijon, were moved to adopt and promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart which, when at Paray, they had done their best to crush. With these two Blessed Margaret kept up an intimate correspondence, still extant, and was able to do through them what she was powerless to do by herself. Mother Greyfié was the first to have a picture of the Sacred Heart painted, and of this picture she sent, first etchings and ultimately engravings to Margaret to distribute, as a practical method of diffusing the devotion. Mother Greyfié also it was who, most likely as an act of reparation for her former stubborn resistance, first consecrated herself and all her community to the Sacred Heart.

This action of hers had wider effects than she had anticipated. Next to the rule, Sister des Escures held Mother Greyfié in most veneration, as being

its living exponent. Her public act of consecration not only shook her resistance but shattered it completely. As a generous act of reparation for the past, she herself proposed that the Convent of Paray should follow the example of that of Sémur, and begged as a favour that she might have charge of a chapel to be erected in the garden in honour of the Sacred Heart. Thus was the devotion established where it had been revealed, and Margaret might have now sung her *Nunc dimittis*, though it was God's will that she should live to see the devotion sanctioned by the Bishop of the diocese, and leave given by him to say a Mass of the Sacred Heart.

With the dawn of 1690 Blessed Margaret expressed the conviction that the time had come for her to die. The reason that she gave was that she now suffered nothing; and to her, life under those conditions was an impossibility. "I count every hour without suffering as lost to me," she writes to Mother Greyfié. "I only desire to live so that I may have the joy of suffering. . . . To love, to suffer for love's sake, and be still, is the secret of those who love the Well-beloved. . . . . Ask the Sacred Heart to grant me the grace to die with Him on the Cross, poor, unknown, despised and forgotten; weighed down with every suffering, provided only that it be of His choosing and not mine. . . . . I have no desire for any consolation except that of having none; and to live entirely hidden in Jesus Christ, my suffering unknown to all."

In fact the object of her life was accomplished as far as it lay with her to accomplish it: and it was her belief that her sojourn on earth was an obstacle rather than the contrary to the further spread of the devotion. This was indeed the case, for her love of the hidden life was so inveterate that it was only after her death that anyone dared to thwart it and make known the details of the revelations. The desire to be unknown had grown into a very passion. Even the dearest wish of her heart, the spread of the devotion entrusted to her, yielded to it, and it needed the voice of obedience to make her open her lips on the subject.

On the 22nd of July she began a forty days' retreat,

with the ostensible object of preparing her soul for death, though all who knew her considered her to be in a comparatively good state of health. She, however, knew that the end of her earthly pilgrimage was at hand, and her heart expanded with joy at the prospect of death; at which joy she wondered, for her humility made her honestly consider herself the very worst of sinners.

In October, the time for the annual community retreat arrived, and she prepared to enter on it; but a slight attack of fever seized her, and she gave it up, saying quietly that she would make the great retreat instead, words the signification of which her companions refused to understand. The doctor who had attended her for years and held her in the utmost veneration, declared that there was no cause for alarm. "Very well," she said with a smile, "So be it; but it is better that a secular should make a false statement than a religious."

The fever increased, and on the 16th of October she asked to receive Viaticum; which request, on account of the doctor's verdict, was refused. She submitted quietly and gently: but, as she was still fasting, she asked to receive Communion; which was brought to her. Silently and secretly she received it in Viaticum, knowing that the end was at hand.

Her sufferings were great enough to satisfy her craving for them. "I burn, I burn!" she exclaimed, while wrung with pain. "Alas! would that it were with divine love; but I never have loved my God perfectly!"

Even next day, on the 17th, in spite of what she said, the sisters waiting on her refused to believe that she was dying; till at seven o'clock in the evening she suddenly collapsed. With all speed, the community was summoned, and a priest fetched. He arrived in time to give her Extreme Unction; but just as he finished the last anointing she gently closed her eyes in death, to open them in the Presence of Him whom even she had hitherto seen only under a veil.

Thistledown.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

It was a foggy day in November. The London streets were greasy and muddy, and there was a general air of depression everywhere. In a very shabby street, in a most unfashionable suburb, an elderly lady and her daughter were sitting together, the one trying to write, and the other to read, by the very little light to be had from the one window of their tiny sitting-room. It was a gloomy little den, with a small round table in the middle, covered with a brick-red table-cover. There was a narrow hard black horse-hair sofa, and three chairs to match, the gilt frame of the narrow pier-glass being hung with green tissue paper. The grate was very small, and made smaller than its natural size by as many "cheeks" and "fire balls" as it could hold, so

that the tiny fire had very little coal in it, and certainly gave out but a small modicum of warmth. The room was so diminutive, that, to use a common expression, you could not have swung a cat in it. That would have been literally true if your arm happened to be long, and the cat's tail also.

Behind this apartment was an equally small bedroom, where Mrs. Daventry and her daughter slept. There were a good many other lodgers, all more or less poor and rough, as it was not the kind of lodging usually inhabited by ladies, unless they were, as the landlady expressed it, "reduced."

Mrs. Daventry was close to the fire. Her breathing showed signs of some affection of the chest, for it was laboured and heavy, interrupted every now and then by a cough by way of a change. She was a placid-looking old lady, with very white hair, and a pretty, delicate complexion. In spite of her old dress, shabby shoes, and sordid surroundings, it would have been impossible not to have seen at a glance that she was refined and gentle: her daughter Meg, who was bending over her writing-desk, had the same rather distinguished air.

"Mother, that cough of yours makes my heart ache," said Meg presently, looking up from her writing; "how I wish you could get away!"

"Dearest Meg, I am so sorry you should be

anxious about me," said Mrs. Daventry; "perhaps I shall manage better when the fogs go away. They are always worse in November, so Mrs. Hutton says, than at any other time. You see in your dear father's life-time I never was in London excepting in the spring, and I knew nothing of these fogs."

"I was out this morning at the Free Library when the doctor came," said Meg, "what did he say, mother?"

Mrs. Daventry was silent, and poked the fire.

"Mother, you must tell me."

"Dear Meg, why do you ask? You know that he has said, and always says, that London is the worst place for me, and that, if I could but get to Bournemouth, or some place where it was mild, I should be much better. But why dwell on it?"

"Because, mother, I am determined that you shall go if it is at all possible; and, you know, if I can get a good situation, that it will be feasible. If I can only get to some place where I am not over-worked, and able to study, then I shall go in for those exams., and then you know, mother, it will be all right."

"Yes, dear, for then Miss Vaudin would take you as assistant mistress. It would be very very charming," said Mrs. Daventry with a sigh. "The climate of Jersey, you see, always suited me so well. Some people think it relaxing, but 't always agrees with me."

The Daventrys, it may be said, were English

people, who had gone to live in Jersey many years ago, and, on the death of the father, had left the island.

"Yes, mother dear, and I do think it very good of Miss Vaudin to keep the post open for me. It is work which I should love, and you could live in the school, for she and I have arranged all about it between us. Her mother, you know, has rooms in the west wing, far away from the noise of the pianos, and there's a tiny room for you and me, and just the very sweetest sitting-room. I remember the house quite well, for I went all over it with Miss Vaudin, when she thought of taking the school. So if I can work hard for the next three years, all will be well."

"It sounds all too good to be true, Meg—it really does," said Mrs. Daventry with a sigh.

"No, mother, I am sure it will come to pass—at least I hope it very very much, and I pray to St. Joseph often enough about it."

Mrs. Daventry smiled. "I wish I could be as hopeful as you are, child. Now tell me, did you see any advertisements at the Free Library, this morning?"

"Yes, mother, two or three. I am answering them now."

"You must be very tired of answering them."

"Yes, I am, and of detailing all I can do. Mother, until I had to look out for a situation, and came into contact with people, I really did not think that such folk existed—I mean the people who want all kinds of accomplishments

and learning, and then offer you such a salary as they would never get a housemaid, much less a cook, to accept."

"No, it seems very strange," said Mrs. Daventry. "Now, dear, I must not interrupt you any more with your letters. Shall you go out and post them?"

"Yes, mother, after dinner."

In a little while the letters were finished, and then a thud at the door announced the arrival of the landlady to lay the cloth for their dinner. She was not in the best of moods, for it was washing day, and the woman who usually helped her had not come, so she was obliged to do it herself. She wore an old skirt and a loose lilac cotton jacket; her sleeves turned up to the elbow revealed thick red arms, cleaner than usual by reason of their recent immersion in the wash-tub.

The dinner was badly cooked, and served in a very slovenly way. Mrs. Daventry and Meg had taken the rooms some six months back, and stayed on in them, through the baking summer and warm autumn, always hoping that they would be able to leave them, and consequently not trying to make them more homelike. They were cheap, but certainly not worth more than they cost, and mother and daughter, unaccustomed as they were to such accommodation, found them trying enough.

Mary Anne, Mrs. Hutton's eldest daughter, was playing Czerny's exercises in the room

below; and a sound of screaming children, and of an accordion played spasmodically, with a smell of soap-suds, greens, and kerosene came in through the open door. However, as they could not mend matters, neither Mrs. Daventry nor Meg complained, but sat down to their smoky chops, and tried to think they were nice.

After dinner, Meg put on her hat and took her letters to the nearest post-office, which was within a few minutes' walk. As she returned, she went into the open church for a little while, and laid all her anxieties and cares—a great number for young shoulders of five-and-twenty to bear—where she knew her faith and courage would be revived.

When she returned, Mrs. Daventry, who had been asleep in her arm-chair, pointed to the table, on which lay two letters.

"They came just after you left," said Mrs. Daventry; "perhaps there is good news in them."

Meg took off her hat and loosened her jacket before she opened them.

The one contained an offer, in reply to her advertisement, of a situation as governess to teach eight children, the salary offered being ten pounds a year. Besides her work in teaching, the writer said she should expect the governess to make herself "generally useful."

Meg read the letter out to her mother, who was not surprised, for they were both now pretty well accustomed to missives of the kind.

"Open the other letter, child," said Mrs. Daventry, and Meg obeyed. She read the short note and handed it to her mother. It was from a Mrs. Nottingham, who was staying at present in Portland Place. She had seen Miss Daventry's advertisement and, thinking she might suit her requirements, requested her to call the next morning, between ten and eleven.

Meg sighed.

"I know you dislike those interviews, Meg, but still it cannot be helped, dear," said Mrs. Daventry.

Meg came and knelt by her mother's side; Mrs. Daventry took her hand in one of hers, and with the other she stroked the soft brown hair.

"I know I am foolish, mother, but I am shy. I don't mind writing what I have to say, but it is so dreadful to feel that one is on approval. I get so nervous, and I know I make the worst instead of the best of myself. It is foolish, and I struggle to overcome it. Anyway, mother, this is at a private house, it is better than having to go to a registry office."

"Yes, much better," said Mrs. Daventry soothingly, for she felt sorry from the bottom of her heart that the buffeting with the world which, in Meg's case, was a necessity, should be such a trial to her.

Meg went to Mass as usual the next morning, and after breakfast set off for Portland Place, which she reached a little after ten.

A footman opened the door, and was going to show her up into the drawing-room, when he suddenly remembered that Mrs. Nottingham had given orders that Miss Daventry should be taken into the library, and thither Meg followed him. The room was large and lofty, the walls were covered with books, and on the tables were pretty things from many lands; there was beautiful old oak furniture, and a few excellent pictures.

Pale as Meg usually was, there came a faint colour in her cheeks as she waited. Naturally of a shy and retiring nature, she had led a sheltered and secluded life in Jersey, and never struck out an independent line of her own, as so many girls younger than herself do in these days. Poverty, and the need to work, had come like a thunder-clap, five years before; and since then she had had a home most of the time with a brother of Mrs. Daventry's who had unexpectedly married and gone abroad the winter before.

The door opened, and a tall, well-dressed woman entered as Meg rose from her chair.

After a few preliminary remarks, Mrs. Nottingham went on, speaking rapidly and impulsively.

"You see how I am placed. I want someone to look after Valeria altogether, for I am so much out, and so often up in town staying here with my sister. Yes, our place Beechcroft is in the country, but quite near town. It is in Hampshire, close to the borders of Berkshire and Surrey."

"I suppose there is a Catholic church near?" said Meg in a low voice.

"Oh, of course. My husband is a Catholic, and there is a little church at Camberley, and Mass every day, I believe. I am a Protestant, but of course the child—she is our only one—has to be brought up a Catholic, and I want someone who will undertake all that. Do you like children?"

"I love them."

"That's charming. Valeria is ten, and a dear little scrap. I wish I could see more of her, but unfortunately I cannot, for I have so much to do going out and entertaining. My husband has business in the city, and goes up and down every day nearly, so he is very little at home. You see, you would have entire charge of the child, and be responsible for her. She is very delicate, so you would not be able to give her many lessons, and would have plenty of time to yourself, if you like reading."

"I do—and—and I should value that very much," said Meg, thinking of the examinations for which she wanted to work up.

"Valeria will never be able to go to school. She has something wrong with her spine, and has to lie down a good deal, and I am afraid she will always be a sort of invalid," said Mrs. Nottingham in a very matter of fact voice, which suited her somewhat hard face. "So," she continued, "if you suited me and got on with Valeria, it would be very nice. I understood you to say

just now that you had never been in a situation before?"

"Never as resident governess. After my father's death we lived—my mother and I—with an uncle at Ventnor, and I had some pupils in the mornings."

"You said you knew French—have you ever been abroad?"

"I have not. But I learnt in Jersey from a French master who considered my accent very good, as I began speaking it with a French nurse when I was quite little."

"Very well then—about the salary?" asked Mrs. Nottingham, and without waiting for a reply, she offered Meg about four times as much as the latter had even hoped for. Mrs. Nottingham went on to explain that her husband was anxious to get someone who would be responsible and really take great care of Valeria, and as Mrs. Nottingham thought she would do very well, the only thing remained was to get references from the Ventnor families where she had taught.

These proved quite satisfactory, and in a few days Meg was packing her trunk, with a very light heart.

Mrs. Daventry's cough had really seemed better ever since she had heard the good news, and two more hopeful people could not have been found than the mother and daughter the last morning they were together. In view of what seemed to them such unlooked-for prosperity they indulged in some bacon for breakfast,

and Meg's quiet manner and low voice could not quite conceal the tremor of excitement within.

The parting between mother and daughter at Farnborough Station was softened by the gentle hand of hope. Meg watched her mother's train till it disappeared towards Bournemouth before she turned to the carriage which had been sent to meet her.

Beechcroft was a low house, all angles and gables, with dark wooden lines on the ochre-coloured walls. A jasmine was in blossom, and on the many oaks round the golden-brown leaves still clung to the branches, contrasting with the dark evergreens and leafless trees. There was a pretty pine wood near the house, and just then the contrast between the yellow branches and the sombre trees was very striking. As they drove up, the sunset was burning behind them, and the sky was strewn with little clouds, pink, opal, and topaz.

Mrs. Nottingham happened to be at home when Meg arrived. When the latter had had tea, she took her to the school-room, where Valeria lay on her sofa.

In a very short time Meg made friends with the little white-faced child, with her pathetic smile and look of suffering, and it was well this was the case, as the two were very much thrown together. Mrs. Nottingham disliked children and had very little real love for Valeria, whose weak health disappointed her; she felt she

would never become such a daughter as she would have any pride in taking into society, even if Valeria were ever strong enough to go out. Mrs. Nottingham was pretty, and much spoilt by her elderly husband, who saw none of her faults. He toiled day after day in the city, amassing money which he loved to spend upon all her whims.

As the days went on, Meg became more and more attached to the little child who depended upon her for so much. She taught her lessons, took care of her health, and last, but not least, instructed her in her religion. The child had made her first confession, but little more, as her father was a somewhat lax Catholic, and there had been no one to look after her.

Meg was able to study a great deal, and her health, which had not been strong, improved very much. Freedom from care, good food, and a comfortable home, were all great aids to strength and health, and the seclusion in which she lived was quite in keeping with her tastes.

One day in spring, when Meg was busy with Valeria's afternoon lessons, Mrs. Nottingham, who had just returned from six weeks at the Riviera, was paying a visit at a house in the Terrace at Camberley, close to the Staff College. There were several people having tea, and a smart-looking girl, in a sailor hat, was chattering very fast, interlarding her remarks with slang. Her

name was Angela King: she was a general favourite in the society around, for she danced well, was always prettily dressed, and had plenty to say for herself.

"You have been away an awfully long time, Mrs. Nottingham," she remarked, as the latter took a seat near her. "I was away in the autumn and for Christmas, and so only returned just as you made off."

"The Riviera is very tempting, and I had a nasty cold," said Mrs. Nottingham.

"How beastly! I see your little girl in church very often with your governess. What a jolly-looking girl she is!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Nottingham, "I am very much pleased with her, and Valeria simply adores her. It is very convenient, as I am obliged to be away so often, and she is thoroughly trustworthy."

"You think so?

"Yes, why not, Angela?"

"Oh, well, I did not think she was, that is all," said Miss King, helping herself to a biscuit.

"Why, you do not know her?" asked Mrs. Nottingham in surprise; "she knows no one here, and is quite shut up with Valeria and her books."

"Oh, but I have seen her before. Her name is Daventry, isn't it?" and as Mrs. Nottingham nodded assent, she went on:

"She was governess two years ago to some people who lived in the same house as we did at

Lausanne, in the Avenue des Alpes. And of course you know why she left?"

"It can't be the same, she has never been abroad," said Mrs. Nottingham.

"Her name was Meg, and I am perfectly certain it was she. I used to see her every day, though we did not know her or the people she was with. They weren't particularly nice, and this girl had charge of a very seedy child, and she was so careless that the child had a narrow escape of her life. The child was ill, and the people were away, and she gave it the wrong medicine, never looking at the bottle, and the child was awfully ill, for it was very strong stuff. There was no end of a row, and she got an awful wigging, and was sent away. And besides, she was always about with a very odd-looking man, who, we heard, was a questionable character."

"You really astonish me!" said Mrs. Nottingham. "Why, she must have told me a tissue of lies."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entry of two cadets from the Royal Military College, and just after by one of the instructors from the Staff College, with whom Miss King immediately entered into conversation.

"The Wynns have returned to Ascot," said Major Thompson, as his hostess provided him with tea.

"Really?" said Miss King. "Well, they have cheek and no mistake."

"Why?" asked a cadet who had only just entered Sandhurst, and who admired Miss King very much.

"Oh, because no one knew them when they were here before—she was a nobody, a nursemaid, and he fell in love with her, and then they ran into debt, and all that kind of thing," said Miss King comprehensively.

"Oh, debt doesn't matter as long as you don't get run in," said the other cadet, and then there was a break, as Mrs. Nottingham was saying adieu, and apologising to Mrs. Delmain, a quiet-looking widow, for not having called upon her yet. The latter loved gossip and scandal, and having nothing to do, and a very great deal of curiosity, she was often able to gratify her tastes, and she had heard several things from Miss King, which would certainly make afternoon tea at her "at home," on Wednesday, more interesting.

"Miss Daventry, I wish to speak to you," said Mrs. Nottingham as she entered the schoolroom, where Meg was working near Valeria's sofa. The child looked brighter and happier than she had ever done before, and Meg had a healthier appearance than when she came to Beechcroft.

"Come into my room, please," said Mrs. Nottingham, and Meg followed, with a feeling of fear at her heart; for, like all sensitive people, she dreaded anger in others, and she could tell by her voice that Mrs. Nottingham

was annoyed. She closed the door and looked at Meg.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming here under false pretences!"

"What do you mean?" asked Meg, with a startled look in her eyes.

"You have told me a tissue of lies. You said you had never been abroad—never been a resident governess."

"No more I have. I mean I—I—I never was a resident governess, and the day you asked me if I had been abroad, I forgot that I had just been over to—"

"That will do," said Mrs. Nottingham, white with anger. "You need attempt no explanations. Had I known all you ought to have told me, I should never have taken you."

"Ought I? I did not know," said Meg, who was trembling, feeling agony at each word that left her lips.

"Of course, you should have spoken the truth. I know all about it. You need not speak—for you can't defend yourself."

Meg was silent.

"I shall pay you a quarter's salary, and you must leave at once," said Mrs. Nottingham.

Still Meg could not speak. What was the use, she thought, since Mrs. Nottingham said she knew all.

In an hour's time she was being driven to the station, and that night was once more in the old lodgings where we first found her, having

arranged with the landlady to have a tiny attic at a very small cost. This she proposed to use until she could find work.

It was with a very sad heart that Meg knelt the next morning in the little church she knew so well. It was hard not to murmur and rebel at such a very hard cross, such a bitter trial, and to bow to the Will of God in the matter. She told her mother she had had to leave, but entered into no particulars. Mrs. Daventry, who had gained health in the atmosphere of pines and sea air, could get no more detailed information from her.

Day after day Meg tried to find work and failed, for no one would take her without references, and she knew she could obtain none from Mrs. Nottingham.

She had almost lost hope one day when she went into an aerated bread company's shop for her dinner, which was politely called lunch. Some cold meat, bread, and a cup of coffee were before her, and she was thinking that it had been rather wasteful to have ordered the meat, as she really had no appetite to eat it. It was hot and sultry, though it was only June, and the food seemed to choke the girl, who had altered very much during the few last weeks. Some one knocked against her chair, and then apologised. As she heard the voice, she looked up sharply.

"Why, Nellie Harcourt!"

"And you are Meg—or May, which is it?"

said the lady laughing. She was small and business-like-looking, with short grey hair and spectacles.

"I am Meg. How curious to meet you again. Why, it is ever so long since the Jersey days."

"Centuries," said Miss Harcourt briefly. "And what are you doing here?"

Meg told her about the last few years, and then paused after she mentioned the situation she had had at Beechcroft.

"Then why did you leave such capital quarters?"

"I can't tell you here. Can we go to some place where we can be by ourselves?"

"Yes—let us go over to the National Gallery. I often go there, the pictures rest me."

So the two went out and were soon mounting the steps of the National Gallery, and as there were very few people there, they found a quiet seat in a very short time.

"But what did Mrs. Nottingham mean by saying that she knew all?" asked Miss Harcourt when Meg told her of her dismissal, and the reason.

"Ah, Nellie! that is the sad part of it. You know how wild and wilful May, my twin-sister, always was. When our dear father died, she hated the constraints of home, and said she would go out as a governess to some people we had known a little in Jersey, and whom we did not like. They were fast people and not in a nice set. They went off to Switzer-

land, and at some hotel, May met a man who took a fancy to her, and she to him ; he was anything but a desirable acquaintance for her, for he was an avowed infidel, and a gambler. This was not gossip but plain truth. May used to be out with him whenever it was possible, and then she suddenly left her situation, in consequence of some careless mistake she had made about some medicine. She married Mr. Hay, and they went off to America, and we have heard nothing of them since."

"But how could your sister's marriage concern Mrs. Nottingham, or have anything to do with you?" enquired Miss Harcourt.

"I am sure I do not know," said Meg sadly. "It certainly never occurred to me, when she was engaging me as her governess, that it was needful for me to tell her about May. I did not wish to mention the subject, but she evidently thought that she should have known."

"She need not have sent you off like that!" said Miss Harcourt, indignantly.

"Then, too, I had quite forgotten when she was engaging me in London, that I had actually been abroad, that is to say, if a few hours on French soil could be considered that."

"And did you say you had not been?"

"Yes, I said so," said Meg. "The only time I ever was abroad was once when I was staying at Anne Port in Jersey. You know how close the coast of France is, and that one can see the sands and houses on a clear day. The friends

I was with went over a party for the day, and we came back in the evening; we went over in their yacht, and were just a few hours in France."

"As she would not explain more, I don't see what there was to be done. Well, there's no use grieving over spilt milk. What are you thinking of doing now?"

Meg told her how she had hunted for employment and could get none, for besides the scarcity of anything with pay which could enable her to help her mother, the want of a reference was fatal.

"But I should have thought that you could legally demand that."

"I am afraid not, and in any case, I could not expect Mrs. Nottingham to give me a satisfactory one.

"I have set up a laundry," said Miss Harcourt; "what do you think of that?"

"A laundry! Well, Nellie, you were always fond of odd things," said Meg.

"Yes, I set it up for myself, as I had a little capital. It is at Ealing, and I train ladies, who have to go through all the learning, though they need not do the actual manual part of the work. It takes three months to teach them, and then they are qualified to take place as sorter, or packer, or secretary. I have sent off two girls to the provinces who have got good posts, and I should like another pupil now."

"Do you mean it would do for me?"

"I think it might. You say that you have given up all thoughts of those examinations, and of helping that friend of yours in Jersey?"

"Oh, yes, I wrote and told her so. I could have done it had I remained in Hampshire, but I have not been able to study lately, and altogether it must be given up."

"That is wise," said Miss Harcourt, "for if you want to earn money, you must do it the best way you can."

"It is for mother's sake," said Meg softly. "I am all she has now to lean upon, for my uncle does not help us now he is married."

"Very naturally, or rather it is not to be wondered at," said Miss Harcourt practically. "Now if you have given up the examination question, you could do this. But it would never be of any use if you were thinking of all kinds of 'ologies when you ought to be counting rubbers, or having your mind running on history, when you should be paying attention to soap jelly and its properties"

"Of course not; I suppose I should not have time to study?" said Meg, feeling all her hopes and dreams fading away in the distance.

"If you had time you would be too tired; I know what lady pupils are. As for me, I am as strong as a horse, thank goodness," said Miss Harcourt, and no one, who looked at her would have doubted her word; "and when I took the business, I tucked up my sleeves and did it all from beginning to end, from scrubbing the coarsery

to ironing the finery, and there's a deal to learn between those two stages," said Miss Harcourt with professional pride.

Meg had not much idea what her friend was talking about, as the technicalities of a laundry were unknown to her. Miss Harcourt continued:

"It seems rather fortunate meeting you, for I am now in want of some one to live on the premises. The forewoman I had has just married, and the house cannot be left alone, as there are two young girls there, ironers. I don't want to be there, as I have my own little house at Chiswick, and go over every day. So if you will live in the house I will board you, and take you for half the usual fee for training; I usually get three guineas, but I will take half. Will that suit you?"

"May I think over it?" asked Meg, whose inmost soul recoiled from the idea of the plan which Miss Harcourt, who was as practical as she was unintellectual, was proposing to her.

"Certainly; I never approve of people doing things in a hurry, only I must ask you to let me hear by the last post to-morrow evening, at my private address—here it is," said Miss Harcourt, taking out a card-case and handing a card to Meg; "as I have seen some one for the post—indeed, that was what I came about to town to-day, and I shall have to give her an answer. The forewoman I have now has a husband and children, and is obliged to go home."

"Mrs. Pelham—I did not know you were

married," said Meg, as she glanced at the card which bore that name, and underneath it the words: "The Lilac Laundry, Ealing."

"Oh, I have given you by mistake my professional card—I am Mrs. Pelham at the laundry, that is my business name; here is my proper private card and Chiswick address."

After a little more talk they parted, and Meg went back to her lodging and thought over matters. She had not been aware until then how much she had still clung to the hope of finding some place where she could have leisure to work for the examinations which would enable the dream of the Jersey life to come true. She fancied she had given up all hope of it, but now she knew she had not, and yet it seemed wisest and best for her to take Miss Harcourt's offer. The latter had explained, that taking her on the terms she proposed, which certainly were very advantageous to anyone wishing for the work, she must bind herself to remain a certain time in her employment after she had learnt the business.

As Meg thought over it all, her mind roved between attempts to imagine the laundry life, and the remembrance of the happy home she had had at Beechcroft. She thought of Valeria, and the child's affection for her, and the pleasant task it had been to teach her—the hours of leisure she had had in which to study, the splendid library that had been at her disposal, the luxurious surroundings which

had suited her somewhat delicate health, and had enabled her to work hard and well. It seemed so strange and so hard that it should all have gone from her like this.

However, Meg was a brave girl, and the next evening's last post brought a letter to Miss Harcourt, accepting her offer.

There were changes at Beechcroft that June, for Mr. Nottingham died, and after his death his wife let the house and went to Yorkshire, taking Valeria with her. They went to Protestant relations of Mrs. Nottingham's, and as Mr. Nottingham had, through oversight, made no provision for Valeria's being brought up a Catholic, the child was put into the hands of a Protestant governess, and taught to disown the true Church.

The chances of Mrs. Nottingham ever discovering the mistake she had made about Meg were very small, and, in fact, she never did so. Needless almost to say, her dismissal of Meg had been based on Miss King's story, and the idle gossip of the latter had, as we have seen, no foundation at all. She had mistaken one sister for another, which was easy to do, as the twins were very like each other. She had hastily concluded that Meg was May, and what Meg supposed Mrs. Nottingham meant, when she said she knew all, has already been told.

But that idle tongue of Angela King's had done even more mischief than this on that spring afternoon, when we found her chattering over

her afternoon tea. Mrs. Delmain, who had heard all she said, and who was as careless and inaccurate as she, had mixed up the two stories of Meg and the Wynns.

Dr. and Mrs. Wynn had a pretty place at Ascot. They had let it for Ascot Week, and on their return, they were talking over as they had done before, the fact that very few people had called upon them. They had no children, and liked society, and both felt it very much.

"I can't get to the bottom of it," said Dr. Wynn as he sat at dessert one July day with his wife, who was a good-looking woman, with a pleasant expression.

"What?"

"Why we are boycotted," said Dr. Wynn. "I think you and I are as independent as people can be of society,—I with my natural history hobbies, and you with your painting, but still one does like to see one's fellow creatures."

"Yes, I cannot make it out," said Mrs. Wynn.

The next day she had a little light thrown upon the cause, when a certain old Lady Segan, who walked with a stick, and had a somewhat severe cast of countenance, called upon her.

"I have known you by sight for some time. I took a fancy to your face when you were here before," said Lady Segan, planting her feet on the footstool which Mrs. Wynn placed for her.

"And I think I know yours," said Mrs. Wynn.

"I should have been before, only I have been abroad. You don't know many people here, do you?"

Mrs. Wynn coloured.

"No—very few."

"Ah—thought as much. People have listened, I daresay, to the stories that have been going about. Now, I don't care twopence what people say, and I have come to-day to ask you to tell me the truth about it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wynn, who knew that Lady Segan was eccentric, and who was not surprised at her outspoken words; "only I don't know what the stories are to which you refer."

"Well, now, I will tell you. Never mind how I heard it and where. They say—that is, the world says—that you were a nursery-maid, and that Dr. Wynn ran away with you in Switzerland, and that though the matter was hushed up, that you had given one of the children of whom you were in charge, an over-dose of some strong medicine, and that the child had died, and—well, I don't think there was any more. 'I don't care,' I said, 'if she was a nursery-maid, or who she was. A woman is raised to her husband's position, and I liked the look of her. I shall ask her straight out the rights or the wrongs of it!'"

Mrs. Wynn, to Lady Segan's astonishment, threw herself back in her chair, laughing heartily.

"Don't laugh," said Lady Segan, "it is no laughing matter."

"I can't help it—please excuse me—it is all too funny."

"I don't see anything funny about it. Well come now, tell me all about it. I shall believe you, for I always go by faces—seldom wrong—and I am sure you would tell the truth. If you think I had better mind my own business, I may as well tell you it is my business, in a way, for I always like to sift gossip and stop scandal."

"Well, I cannot understand how it arose," said Mrs. Wynn. "For though I quite agree with you about a man raising a woman to his own position, I happen to belong to a very old family. I went to train for a nurse as a lady pupil, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and when I had finished my training, I stayed on as I loved the work. There Dr. Wynn met me, and we—well, we cared for each other and married, and then as an uncle died and left him some money, he gave up practising, as he preferred natural history and scientific researches to his profession. That is all. I have no more to tell."

"Dear, dear!" said Lady Segan, "well, I guessed there was some explanation to the mystery, and I shall do my best to contradict the reports."

"It will be very good of you if you will do so," said Mrs. Wynn.

"Certainly I shall: and doubtless you will have half the neighbourhood calling on you before long."

"Probably," said Mrs. Wynn; "but it will not matter much if they do or not."

"Why?"

"Because my husband and I decided to-day upon going to Italy to live."

Two years later let us look at Meg Daventry. We shall not find her at the Lilac Laundry at Ealing, but in the wards of a hospital in London, not as a paying patient, enjoying all the luxury of privacy, but in the general wards. Her health had broken down at the laundry. The work had been utterly uncongenial to her, and the hot steamy atmosphere of the wash-house had tried her very much. She had struggled on so as to be able to help her mother, but at last she had failed, and there was nothing for it but a hospital, for she was of a shy nature, and had never made many friends. Miss Harcourt, who was very strong, had never quite understood the strain which the work was on Meg's constitution, or noticed how her powers were failing.

The girl might recover or might not—who could tell? And on one of the hot days in summer Meg lies there, watching the nurses going up and down the ward, listening to the coughing of the woman in the next bed, noticing the screen being brought in to be placed round the bed opposite, so that the last sands of life might run out in shelter from curious eyes. She thinks of all her dreams, and how they

had come to nothing, and of her mother, who, from her poor lodging near, had come to see her with an anxious sorrowful look on a pinched face, telling of want.

Angela King is at a tennis-party at Camberley: it is a lovely day, and the sweet perfume of the pines fills the summer air.

Lady Segan comes up to her and tells her it is time to go, and Angela, who, for once in her life is tired, proceeds to take off her tennis shoes in the summer house and prepare to obey. For Lady Segan is her great-aunt, and she lives with her. Once in the carriage, Lady Segan, who looks older and more severe than ever, turns to her niece:

"Angela, you have been gossiping again; will nothing cure you?"

"Gossiping, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes. I happened to be behind the laurel hedge, and I heard you myself, before I could move on, tell Mr. Sanderson that you thought Janie Grey was a flirt, and not likely to stick to the man she is engaged to."

Angela colours.

"Oh, auntie, why, I say those things carelessly! You can't call that gossip?"

"Yes, I do," says Lady Segan. "A thing like that may do much harm. You know, dear child, how I have found out that much of that idle talking you are so fond of, is founded on suppositions and imagination, not on fact."

"I don't think."

"That's just it. 'Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart,'" quoted Lady Segan. "You know I found out that all that mischief which was made about the Wynns, two years ago, was traced to some story you told one day, and which Mrs. Delmain got hold of wrongly and circulated."

"I was very sorry about that, Aunt Mary," says Angela, who is as kind-hearted a girl as you could meet, but whose careless tongue does very much harm.

"Yes, you know about the evil effect that had, for they left the neighbourhood, and they were charming people, and would have been a great acquisition."

"Aunt Mary, I do try—really!" saysAngela.

"Then I would try more and more," says Lady Segan. "For at least in that instance of the Wynns, you saw how much was done by what you said."

"You are awfully hard upon me, Aunt Mary," said Angela, "why, one can't think and weigh every word one says. I really do try, as I have just said, not to be too careless. And really, I can't remember what it was about the Wynns that made the mischief, though I'm sorry I did harm, as you say I did."

Lady Segan recalls it to her.

"You speak without thinking, Angela. I wish you would be more careful."

"But Aunt Mary, Jane is a flirt, everyone says so, and Mr. Sanderson must see it for himself.

She isn't a bit likely to be engaged to Captain Bligh a year hence: she will have thrown him over for some one else. Besides, people are not expected to take things literally."

"Many do, all the same," said Lady Segan. "Any way it is safer to be careful what you say about people. When I was a girl I was very like you, Angela, in that respect."

"You, Aunt Mary!" exclaims Angela, "why, I shouldn't think you ever spoke without thinking!"

Lady Segan smiles.

"Well, I used to be like you, dear, only I was cured by a very severe lesson."

"What was that, auntie?"

"I lost a very dear friend through some careless words which were repeated and believed, though I never knew. It was after her death I found out the cause of the breach in our friendship. It is too long a story to tell you, Angela, and it opens an old wound, but the whole thing taught me a lesson I can never forget."

And much more harm had been done than Angela will ever know.

All idle gossip is as the seed which is carried away by the thistledown. It is blown away in the summer air, and is lost to view, but rests wherever it finds soil, and becomes a strong plant, very difficult to destroy.

Gossip often does far more harm than can be calculated; and those who encourage it from

carelessness, and want of thought, even without any evil intention, are adding their quota to the disunion and dispeace of the world. They miss the great blessing promised to the peacemakers, who, by their promotion of charity in its fullest sense, prove themselves to be children of the great Father, Who "maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad."

OUR CHURCH MUSIC:

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

By W. Jacobskötter.

INTRODUCTORY.

When I began to write the following articles, which appeared in the *Catholic Times* in 1894, it was not thought that they would develop into a series of six, nor was it expected that they would be reissued under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society. The first article was followed by a number of letters in which the writers stated what kind of music they liked in church, and why they liked it. That the Church herself had much to say on the matter, and had said it often emphatically, was apparently unknown. It seemed therefore, to the purpose to point to some of the laws and declarations of the Church concerning the music which is indissolubly united with her solemn Liturgy,—the Gregorian,—and more especially, to show of what character and quality she wants all Church music to be. Nor could it be otherwise than interesting to know in what high estimation genuine ecclesiastical music is held by men renowned in the world of art, and with what admiration they speak of its grandeur and beauty.

Much of the information contained in the following pages is derived from the study of the life and writings

of the late Canon Witt, the founder of the St. Cecilia Society, and for twenty years its President, of whom further particulars will be found in his biography published by the Catholic Truth Society: and from such works as Dr. Selbst's: *Der kath. Kirchengesang beim heil. Messopfer* (The Church's Chant at Holy Mass), and Krutscheck's *Die Kirchenmusik nach dem Willen der Kirche* (Church-music according to the will of the Church), both published by Pustet of Ratisbon. The first has been translated into several languages (French: *Le Chant de l'Eglise au s. sacrifice de la Messe*, par J. Bour): the second was on its appearance specially recommended by many bishops to the careful study of their clergy and to the educated laity; it ran quickly through several editions. Dr. Selbst prefaces his beautiful work with these words of Monsignor Hettinger: "Catholics must get accustomed to pray and meditate in unison with the Liturgy of the Church." It requires but little musical knowledge to distinguish between the music which is an assistance to do this, and that which is mostly a hindrance.

I have to thank his Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham for much encouragement, and for his kindness in recommending the publication of the articles in their present form by the Catholic Truth Society.

I

Amongst the news from the dioceses in the *Catholic Times*, I have on several occasions seen lately complimentary references to the musical portion of some special service in churches containing remarks like the following: "The *Fons Amoris* was beautifully rendered." This number from Rossini's *Stabat Mater** is a showy,

* The first principle of a musical setting is that it should be consonant with its subject: will any one say that Rossini's brilliant air corresponds with the emotions inspired by the words *Cujus animam gementem?*

brilliant piece of music. Most likely it will have to do service again on special occasions, when it will be attempted even by those who are little able to cope with the technical difficulties of the composition. But, quite apart from the latter point, I venture to point out the objectionable character of this and similar music in our churches and to raise a voice of protest against it, albeit a feeble one.

A Regulation of the Congregation of Rites of 1884 says: Art. 1. "Only such vocal music is allowed in the Church as is of an earnest, pious character becoming the House of the Lord and the praise of God, and, being in close connection with the sacred text, is a means of inciting and furthering the devotion of the faithful." Art. v.: "It is strictly forbidden to have any vocal music which uses airs borrowed from or having reminiscences of the opera." Art. xi. "It is strictly forbidden to play on the organ music which brings to mind the theatre, the ballet, etc." Here we have the command of the Church, binding in conscience on priest and people alike, emphatically given once more! The Council of Trent had already declared that "all profane, impure, and lascivious music is to be excluded from the Church's services," and this injunction has been repeated and emphasised by Popes, provincial councils, etc., on innumerable occasions. It is only charity to suppose that perhaps not one in twenty of our organists and choirmasters is aware that the Church has ever given any laws with regard to the music to be used in connection with her Liturgy, as well as on extra-liturgical occasions; otherwise, how could these laws be so frequently and systematically ignored and put aside? Yet such people ought to be well acquainted with them, especially as for one penny they could inform themselves on this important matter by reading such publications as the *Apostolic Briefs and Westminster Decrees on Church Music*, published by the Catholic Truth Society.

Take a composition like this *Fons Amoris*, than which there could be none more theatrical; one can imagine

some prima donna strutting the boards of the stage in the character of an injured woman, inciting her followers to avenge her. Or take an equally dramatic composition, Rossi's *Tantum Ergo*, which we also sometimes get by way of treat on special occasions, sung by two voices; anyone with a little musical discrimination, if he heard it for the first time in a concert room, would take it for a sensuous love duet from a shallow Italian opera; and this indeed it originally was. Now the vocal music of the Church is intended to be prayer sung; the words are the principal part, the music an accessory, to give them solemnity, depth of feeling, heartiness. St. Augustine says, therefore, that no prayer is so pleasing to Almighty God as a prayer sung. But where is the spirit of prayer in compositions like those named? The music, maybe, is excellent in its way, but it is so by itself and for itself; it has nothing whatever in it of the spirit of the words to which it is joined; it would be equally well with any words; that is to say, with any but those of the sacred text which it profanes! Listening to such music in church one would like to exclaim with Canon Witt, in his *Address on Church Music* delivered before the Congress of German Catholics: "O gentlemen, have pity on the Catholic people; do not make them vulgar and sensuous by vulgar, sensuous music!" And if this should be considered strong language, other men of authority in the Church have expressed themselves much more forcibly.

The *Catholic Times* on one occasion published an address from one of the American Bishops in which he calls such musical performances the sacrilege of the organ loft. An eminent continental dignitary of the Church, of acknowledged authority in the domain of Church music, said: "It often seems to me as if, whilst unseen angels surround and bow before the Blessed Sacrament on the altar of the sanctuary, evil spirits have taken possession of the organ loft, and mock Him Whom the angels adore." Pope Benedict XIV. in his day wrote, "St. Augustine shed tears when he was present at the Church's services and heard her

beautiful chant, certainly not only on account of the singing but also because of the words, which touched him. But if he were present in some of our churches nowadays he would shed tears not from holy emotion, but because he heard singing only, and could not make out what was being sung." See how applicable the great Pope's words are to our own Church music; for the two compositions mentioned above are not exceptions, but of the character of much that we get at our evening services. I have heard an *O Salutaris Hostia* adapted to the music of a romance (*Si la bonheur à sourire*) from Gounod's *Faust*, the words being addressed by the discarded lover to the fallen Marguerite. What an association with the *O Salutaris!* In some leading churches (in matters musical they are often the worst offenders) an arrangement of the Litany of Our Lady seems a special favourite, which in rhythm, in its whole musical character, is nothing but the commonest dance music; the word *Ora* is repeated twelve times in the invocation; such meaningless repetitions being in themselves an offence against the ecclesiastical style of music. As they are interspersed with shakes of the organ, one is, *nolens volens*, reminded of an Andalusian dancer, skipping about and rattling her castanets.

Now spiritual and secular joy have their different modes of expression, and what is suitable for the one is not becoming the other. *Sancta sancte*, let holy things be done holily! The Church has no hallelujah lasses, such as may be seen in our public squares, moving about in a manner which is no doubt meant to be graceful, whilst they sing "The Saviour's Blood is coming over me" to the accompaniment of the tambourine. And at the moment of her greatest exultation, on Easter morn, she does not shout "Hip, hip, hurrah!"—she has her stately Alleluia, again and again repeated.

The Litany is not seldom followed by a *Tantum Ergo*, adapted to the air from a Sonata of Mozart's,

which most professors of the pianoforte give to their advanced pupils to practise. Being Mozart's, the air is lovely; but what of that? What would be said to a representation of the Infant Saviour dressed in an elegant suit of knickerbockers, or to a statue of Our Lady adorned in the latest Parisian fashion? Why such adaptations when we have an abundance, a rich literature of good compositions in the approved style of Church music?* Another *Tantum Ergo* is evidently "come to stay," for it is to be heard almost everywhere and in many parts of the country; it is the music of a prayer from Weber's *Der Freichütz*. The prayer, with the following scena, is well known to all frequenters of good concerts, for it is a *bravura* piece with great singers. But, again I say, what an association! the *Tantum Ergo*, with a love-stricken maiden in a romantic opera! And, finally, we are perhaps played out of church to the strains of a hackneyed march from a popular opera. It is all very sad.

What is the cause of these strange aberrations in the matter of Church music? I have no hesitation in saying it is because our taste and judgment have been led utterly astray by the music we have at our principal service, the "Missa Cantata—" by the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and others, which are in no sense ecclesiastical music. No good work on the science and literature of music will call them so; as music in connection with the liturgy of the Church they have been condemned in unmeasured terms by such great masters of recent times as Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Witt, and others. Being profane music, the music of the world pure and simple, the Church will have none

* Most composers will endorse Ruskin's dictum, that "the airs of songs by great composers must never be used for other words than those they were written for. Nothing is so destructive of all musical understanding as the habit of fitting a tune that tickles the ear to any syllables that it will stick on; and a single instance may show the point to which this barbarism has reached in the musical catastrophes of modern concert, prepared for the uneducated and the idle." (Wakefield's *Ruskin on Music* p. 100.)

of them. And but for the fact that from his earliest days he is used to them and knows no better, they would be condemned by every Catholic who gave the matter some serious thought, even if Rome had not spoken.

II.

It is a trite saying that the Fine Arts thrive best as the handmaids of religion, and it is needless to say how much they owe to Christianity. As soon as the ages of persecution were past the Church pressed them gradually into her service—music and architecture, painting and sculpture. In the application of all but one of them she allowed her children much freedom—which, by the way, they did not always use wisely. There have been schools of painting and sculpture, and we of the present day may imitate them or create new ones. In architecture the Gothic may be called the Church's ideal style, but we are free to adopt it or to build our churches in Byzantine, Norman, or in no particular style at all. Not so with music. There the Church has created a style of her own, which she has joined closely to her own solemn liturgy, admitting of no change, for it is a complete and perfect work of the divine art—the Gregorian Chant.

Nor need this cause any surprise. All productions of the sister arts are but externals, the shell, as it were, for the Church's rites and solemn liturgy, but music is part and parcel of them; her whole liturgy is music, says one writer, and a Bishop of the present day wrote; "Everything else is but preparation: but the chant occupies some of the most solemn moments of divine service; it is the rich festive garment, in which our prayers, or rather those of the Church, those masterpieces of the Holy Ghost, present themselves before the Throne of God." It is perhaps not quite correct

to speak of the music of the Church, the Gregorian or Plain Chant, as created by the Pope with whose name it is indissolubly united. St. Gregory, it is said, only codified music prevalent in the Church, cut off excrescences, and made additions in the character of the music which always had been used throughout the church, even from Apostolic times. It is truly a grand and sublime thought, that in listening to a "Missa Cantata," we are perhaps having the echo of that far off first Mass, said by our Lord Himself on the eve of His Passion—of the hymn of praise of which the evangelists make mention (St. Matthew xxiv. 30; St. Mark xiv. 26).

Of this true Church music most of the great composers, as well as other distinguished men, have always spoken in terms of rapture. Of Mozart it is reported that he said he would give all his fame for the honour of having composed plain-chant music of the Preface in the Mass. One day, when he was present in the church at the singing of the *Stabat Mater*,* he exclaimed: "Only five notes, and what power!" Jean Jacques Rousseau, anything but a Catholic, but a good musician, said: "A man must have, I will not say no piety, but absolutely no taste, if to any music he gives the preference over the chorale in the Church. It is preferable to the sickly, theatrical music which in many churches is given in its place, music without taste or decency and respect for the place which it only profanes." If Jean Jacques had lived a hundred years later, and in this dear England of ours, he might find that the world had little changed in this one respect. Mendelssohn wrote: "I cannot understand how Catholics, who in their own church music have the best that could be made, can put up with Mass compositions which are not even passably suitable, but outright distracting and operatic." Wagner often declared that

* I do not of course mean Rossini's inappropriate and meretricious setting of this hymn: it seems necessary to say this, because that work is too often referred to as "*the* Stabat Mater," to the exclusion of the settings by Palestrina, Dvorák and others.

it was a delight to him to listen to the Gegorian Chant and to the compositions of Palestrina, and that this was an artistic treat difficult to describe in words. The divinely-guided wisdom of the Church in having in the *Missale* and *Graduale* distinctly put down what is to be sung and the melody, and in fixing a standard of music for all liturgical services, just as Latin is her one language for them, is manifest. Were it not for this we should have all sorts of music, even for the "Missa Cantata." Not only would masters of the art compose a Preface, a *Pater Noster*, but amateurs with a little knowledge of harmony would try their 'prentice hand at the sacred text, just as they do now at a Benediction service.

It is interesting to notice how at all times profane music tried to get a footing in the Church whenever, for some reason or other, she relaxed her discipline. We may take it that even in the time of St. Gregory a reform had become necessary. In Dr. Gasquet's great work on the *Suppression of the English Monasteries* (i. pp. 72-74,) we read: "No sooner had Wolsey obtained the powers of visitation of the monasteries than he sought to put them into force. On March the 19th, 1519, he issued a statute to be observed by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. . . . Not the least interesting of these statutes is that appertaining to the choral duties. The Divine office was to be said neither too fast nor too slowly. And the document proceeds: 'With all ecclesiastics, and especially religious, that method of singing is approved which is not intended to gratify the ears of those present by the levity of rythym, nor to court the approval of wordlings by the multiplicity of its notes, but that which in plain chant (*planus cantus*) raises the minds of the singers, and the hearts of the faithful hearers to heavenly things. On Sundays and feast days, the Canons, if they can do it of themselves, may use some simple melodies at Mass and Vespers, provided that all words are sung, and that the music expresses the sense."

At the time of the Council of Trent irregularities in

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church music were prevalent everywhere. The Council paid much attention to the matter of reform; and a special Commission of Cardinals was charged with drawing up rules for what style of music was to be allowed in the Church. The result was, that compositions in the style of Palestrina gained admission into the Church, for they were considered to be in keeping with the Plain Chant of the Church.* Time went on, and a fresh attempt at encroachment was made in the course of last century. Italy had evolved the modern opera; it became fashionable, and the taste for it spread all over Europe. Italian *maestri di capella* and Italian singers were to be found in every court, secular and ecclesiastical; they composed and sang grand Masses in the morning, and opera in the evening, with what result for Church music we know—it ended in the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, and others.

What is the result? In the cathedral of a great Continental capital not long ago, and perhaps still, people were seen deliberately turning their backs on the altar, and even pointing their opera-glasses at the organ loft, when some well-known singer was warbling away. In Dresden, the Chapel Royal, where the Masses with which we are so familiar are brilliantly performed, is a fashionable lounge on Sunday mornings. Father Faber was there once, whilst still an Anglican, and this is what he says: "I felt ashamed to be there; the church seemed turned into a theatre, where swarms of English tourists and others almost elbowed the faithful away. Never in a Roman Catholic Church had I seen divine service so shockingly profaned." And, coming nearer home, even here we may see in a church where the structural arrangements allow it, many heads turned towards the singers while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the altar.

It is the Evil One's own work. He wants to insult the Real Presence, and to ensnare people into showing disrespect to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; he is

* For a full account of this reform, see the Life of Palestrina published by the Catholic Truth Society, price 1d.

too wary not to know that he cannot do this with bad music; so he chooses the fine music of the world to tickle the ear and to distract. And if the fine music is badly or indifferently executed, it keeps people away from church, which I suppose answers his purpose just as well.

III.

I have endeavoured to show what position Holy Church intends music to hold in her Liturgy, how closely she has united the two, and how throughout all ages efforts have frequently been made to introduce a style of music which is foreign to her own. Such unecclesiastical music can have but one result; it forces itself between God and the people who come to worship Him. The Church's own music, its legitimate offspring—is a great help to devotion; music which does not at least partake of the character of the chorale is an equally great hindrance to it. I defy any man with a fair share of music in his mental composition to meditate or to follow his prayer-book during the musical part of our services. If he can he is not normally formed, but he has something to be thankful for.

Let me introduce here two passages from writers of authority. Dr. Krutscheck, in his *Church Music as the Church wills it* says: "True Church music is the chorale, and figured music, which in its fundamental character is adequate to it, and which treats the sacred text according to the liturgical laws. By fundamental character is meant the transcendent spirit, the dignity and the solemnity of the chorale." And in a collection of lectures on Catholic church music for the clergy and laity, which also bears the episcopal imprimatur, Dr. Selbst says: "If the vocal music of the Church is prayer, and indeed her solemn prayer,

then the art of melody and harmony must be subservient to the words of the prayer, not *vice versa!* Any style of vocal music which shines by its skilfulness, and which treats the text as a secondary matter; any music which takes the attention away from prayer and attracts it to itself, which gives pleasure to the senses instead of inciting devotion—in other words, which presumes to be mistress where it is only the humble servant—is an abomination in the House of God." Who would dispute with these authors? all they say seems so natural and self-evident. Yet measure by their standard our Masses, and Benediction services. Take what is introduced Sunday after Sunday at the principal Mass—here, there, and everywhere. Voluntaries mostly chosen without reference to day and season: perhaps a *Redemptor Deus meus* to the music of an air from Mozart's *Magic Flute*—the words in the original express a maudlin sentiment about universal love and brotherhood, and the air is therefore a favourite at Masonic meetings. Or we have some Latin verses to another gem (in the right place certainly it is so) from the same opera, a prayer addressed by Egyptian priests to the god Isis: or may be the Italian canon, *Ti prego.* The language of the Church is Latin, and, under restrictions, the vernacular; foreign languages are strictly forbidden. People seem to think that *Madre Pia* and *Anima Mia* sound so very much like Latin that the little difference does not matter, or will not be noticed. Anon we have Gounod's *Ave Maria*, a pizzicato on some other string instrument—*horribile dictu!*—substituted for the harp. And worse things are perpetrated. I do not care to inquire what conception people, who can do such things, have of Holy Mass; but they put their Church—quite unintentionally, I am certain—on a level with the concert-room, if not with the music-hall.

Where, in all this, is there loyalty to the laws of the Church? People seem to think they have become obsolete, that the music for her services is simply a matter of individual taste, and that we can do just as

we like. For their earnest consideration, I here insert a few Papal utterances of our own times.

At the time of the meeting of the Vatican Council the Society of St. Cecilia had not long been established and organised. It aimed at the culture (1) of the *Cantus Gregorianus* as the Church music by excellence; (2) of such figured music, old and modern, as is in accordance with the laws and the spirit of the Church, giving a foremost place to the school of Palestrina of the sixteenth century. The Society had however had a fair start. The German hierarchy, fully alive to the necessity of a reform, took it under its special patronage and furthered its noble aims in every way; in fact, and as it should be in such a matter of vital importance to the liturgy—they became the leaders of the reform movement. During their presence at the Vatican Council twenty-nine Archbishops and Bishops petitioned the Holy Father in a body to approve of the Society's rules and regulations, and to give it an acknowledged *locus standi* in the Church. This Pius IX. not only did, but he gave it a Cardinal-Protector and favoured the members with special indulgences. The Papal Brief says: "It is a matter of great regret that the excellent masters in sacred music [viz., the Palestrina school] have been put aside, and both in this country [Italy] and abroad a style of music has insinuated itself into the Church which is only fit for stage plays, and is therefore justly blamed and forbidden by canonical law, by our predecessors, and by ourselves."

When Canon Witt, the founder of the Society, and for some twenty years its energetic and able president, had his first audience of his Holiness Leo XIII., in the beginning of his Pontificate, he was addressed by the latter as follows: "I must give you a word of encouragement; you have done great work for the reformation of Church music, and I wish that this reform should spread more and more through all dioceses." In August, 1890, the Holy Father said: "If people would only consider what is the object of music in the church, they would have no difficulty in choosing

that which becomes music as a sacred and liturgical art. But where that object is lost sight of, the door is opened for regretable profanation."

On another occasion the Holy Father, speaking of Church music, told the editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica* he wished it to be known as his express wish that the Catholic press should never lose sight of this important branch of Catholic art and science, that it should instruct clergy and laity in it, interest public opinion in the necessity of reform, and point out the means. He spoke of the Gregorian as the only chant of the Church. Take with these utterances a recent regulation of the Congregation of Rites: "That all music is prohibited which leaves out even the least word of the liturgical text, or displaces it, repeats it too often, or makes it unintelligible:" and there can be left no doubt that a church is not the place for music such as I have mentioned above. A collection of the many decisions on the great subject of Church music exists, and forms, I believe, a volume of respectable size. Numerous Bishops in many lands, in the old world and in the new, have declared that they are binding in conscience; in other words, that to disregard them is to commit sin. The audacity with which they are disregarded is well calculated to become a stumbling-block to a conscientious Catholic when he first becomes aware of their existence.*

IV.

I have hitherto been contending for two things. First, that from the earliest times the Church has kept the use of music in connection with her solemn liturgy under

* In the interval between the publication of this and the next article, the "Regolamento" of the Sacred Congregation of Rites was issued, which is printed at the end of this pamphlet.

her immediate and strict control, and has left her children hardly any liberty in this matter, which she has done with regard to the other fine arts. Secondly, that she has an official style of her own, the chorale, allowing, side by side with the same, and having given her sanction to, the Palestrina style of the sixteenth century and such later compositions as partake of the same character. And this ecclesiastical music, born of the Church and for the Church, the *musica sacra*, is the fairest child of the divine art, the only one the Church acknowledges, and for its beauty, the admiration of all cultured musical people, be they Catholics or not. Robert Schumann says somewhere that the highest and noblest ambition of every composer will always be to write good ecclesiastical music. Would that I could extol with more ability and more befitting language the beauty of this music of the Church! It would show more glaringly what a caricature we often allow to usurp its place. I am perfectly aware how imperfect my attempt is; yet I will venture to add a few observations on instrumental music in the church: for are we not occasionally treated to a Mass with full orchestral accompaniment, and do we not take care to let all the world know when such an event is to come off?

The Church has always looked with an unfavourable eye on all instrumental music at her services. At the present day even an organ is not allowed in the Pope's Chapel in Rome, and it was long before that instrument was officially adopted and obtained a kind of citizenship in the Church. Then she at once claimed the organ as her own in a special manner, dedicating and consecrating it by a special office, just as she blesses other things, say church bells—everything, in fact, which is to be used in connection with her liturgy. But she allows the organ no independent place during a liturgical service beyond the playing of a prelude, or an interlude, when the function should occupy more time than is required for the singing. The organ is to strengthen, to support and perfect the singing of choir and people, the singing of the priest at

the altar should never be accompanied by the organ.* Our organists seem to think that any march headed, say, *Pilgrims' March* or *Priests' March*, from any opera, is suitable for a Catholic church, though the priests for whom it was originally intended may have been Turks, Egyptians, or Jews. Just now the *Pilgrims' March* from Wagner's *Tannhaüser* crops up in many churches. The want of knowledge, the utter absence of taste often displayed in these selections could easily be demonstrated by examples of what is to be heard, up and down the country,—but it is painful to see these things in print. One wonders that people can forget themselves so far.

There could be no greater mistake than to think that the Church does, or ever did approve of such things. Just as the Council of Trent decreed that vocal music, was only to be a help to devotion, so it said that the organ music must contain nothing impure, lascivious, or reminding of profane things. And if the organ may be said to be in a way incorporated into the Church, it enjoys this privilege alone, and other instruments, so-called orchestral music, are only tolerated to a very limited degree. There is clear proof in the order in the *Ceremoniale Episcoporum*, that the consent of the bishop must be sought and obtained for each occasion, when it is intended to have music scored for instruments (*Magister Choralis*, p. 234). Noisy instruments like the drum, cymbals, triangle, are forbidden under all circumstances. The Church knows full well the danger of orchestral music gliding easily into profanities unsuited to the sanctuary, overshadowing and obscuring the text. In all these things the words of the text are her first and foremost concern. Pope Benedict XIV., declared all instruments to be inadmissible which gave to the text a more or less theatrical character, and those only were to be used which by their character gave emphasis to the words sung: the only reason of their being used at all was to impress the words more

* See Haberl's *Magister Choralis*, p. 230, English translation.

firmly on the mind, to aid the faithful in their devotion, to kindle their love of God and of heavenly things. To allow the instruments to predominate, to overload the singing, he says, is altogether objectionable and forbidden. A Regulation of the Congregation of Rites of 1884 has enforced this again, and the *Ceremoniale Episcoporum* puts it down distinctly: the organ-music must not be extravagant or impure; it is not to be used for accompanying vocal music which has no connection with the *officium;* and not to be of a profane or merry nature (*nedum profani aut ludicri*). No doubt this will surprise many of those who hear this for the first time; there may be some rash enough to say that the Fathers of the Council of Trent and Pope Benedict did not know as much about music as we do nowadays.

Here again, we have a proof of the divinely-guided wisdom of the Church. What do those outside the Church say about instrumental music in the Liturgy? The Greek Church, it is well known, will have none of it, and does not even allow the organ: and here I may say in passing that the Greek Church has never allowed profane music to make inroads on ecclesiastical music, but has tenaciously adhered to the traditions of the earliest ages. I once had an opportunity of being present at Prague at the service in a Greek church, and anything more devotional, solemn, I might say heavenly, than the music, sung without accompaniment by a choir of men and boys, it is difficult to imagine. As regards the Church of England, it is certainly to her credit that a good style of ecclesiastical music, vocal only, should have been always preserved in her; at its worst point it was weak and poor, but never became irreligious, as with us. Nowadays the best of ecclesiastical music may be heard in her cathedrals, collegiate churches, etc.: and it is not a little humiliating for us to be told by competent judges, as Gounod told Dr. Stainer, that not in the whole world could a finer musical service be heard than is sung twice every day at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Let me introduce another class of witness for the exclusion of instrumental music. Beethoven said: "True ecclesiastical music should be rendered by the human voice only, without instrumental accompaniment, except perhaps for a *Gloria* or a similar text." Mendelssohn, with all the bent of his genius for orchestral effect, as witness the immortal choruses in his oratorios, still, for a Catholic church service, advocates the non-instrumental Masses of the old Italians, Palestrina, etc.; those of the Haydn school he calls "mere modern noise." Richard Wagner, the master of chromatic orchestration, is emphatically opposed to the introduction of instrumental music into the church, and calls it the first step towards the degeneration of ecclesiastical music. On one occasion he wrote these significant words: "The human voice, the immediate vehicle of the sacred text, and without orchestral ornamentation, ought to have the first place in the church, certainly not the trivial fiddling of most of the pieces of music for the Church of modern times. And if Catholic ecclesiastical music is to return to its former purity, it must be represented by vocal music only. For accompaniment, which may be deemed necessary, the genius of Christianity has invented the only possible instrument—it is the organ" Let me add Ruskin, who says: "I have always taught that the voice is the eternal musical instrument of heaven and earth, from angels down to birds." And again: "All the greatest music is by the human voice, as all greatest painting is of the human face." (*Ruskin on Music*, pp. 58 & 194.) With such testimonies for the wisdom of the Church, I may well close my case. Those whose interest in Church music has made them follow patiently these explanations about instrumental and vocal music must see the fallacy of the notion, so often entertained, that it is puritanical to object to the florid style of music in vogue with us, and that there is anything especially Catholic about it.

V.

It is a great misfortune that we have no special work on Church music in our English Catholic literature.* The author of such a work, written under ecclesiastical authority, and dealing fully with the whole range of questions connected with this important subject, would deserve well of the Church in England. He would disseminate light where at present there is chaos, both in theory and in practice. These discursive letters have only touched upon a few principles, and if they should be of some guidance to people who take an interest in Church music, it is as much as I presume to expect. Such a work may prepare the way for that reform which has to come some day. Some people expect much from the new Papal Decree: but we have plenty of such declarations; it is loyal obedience to them what we want most. The last Decree has now been known for some time, but still pieces of music are introduced, which, even with the wildest stretch of imagination, nobody could consider to be in accordance with its rules. Reports like the following still appear: "During the offertory Mdlle X.—— held the Congregation in breathless attention, as she, accompanied on the violin, sang Gounod's *Ave Maria*": And: "during the service Mr. Y.——entranced the congregation by his rendering of the *O Salutaris* as a solo; his magnificent voice filled the church." So the solo performances of this kind, the most objectionable features in our musical efforts, go on, in spite of all precepts, old and new, by the authorities to whom we owe allegiance, and are expected to be obedient. Maybe we

* Dr. Haberl's *Magister Choralis*, second English edition translated from the ninth German edition by Bishop Donnelly, a standard work, as the many editions show, is a Manual on Gregorian Chant, more especially intended for the clergy, organists, choirmasters etc. But no educated Catholic can read some chapters, and much throughout the book, without appreciating the Liturgy of his Church better.

shall have to wait for a change in the present state of things till Almighty God raises up for us a man such as Germany had in its late Canon Dr. Witt,* in whom the priest, devout, zealous, and learned, was united to the enthusiastic musician and composer of a very high order. Or, as example is the best of teachers, it may come when the Cardinal has finished his Cathedral, and has installed therein the sons of St. Benedict. With rare exceptions they have ever been anxious and proud to follow in the footsteps of the great saint of their Order, Pope Gregory, the father of our Church music, and from them the establishment of another Beuron and Ratisbon in our midst may be expected. But, with all due deference, I would say that meanwhile the laity have a right to expect that they should be spared the infliction of the shocking profanities, some of which have been mentioned in the course of these articles. Want of music of the right sort can hardly be pleaded; Pustet, the great Catholic publisher of Ratisbon, issues for the St. Cecilia Society a catalogue of good Church music, which is recommended by the German Bishops; it contains over one thousand numbers, Masses, Litanies, Benediction services, etc., all marked "easy," "complicated," etc., as the case may be. A selection of approved ecclesiastical music, made under episcopal authority, of moderate dimensions, and a depôt and catalogue of such works, presents itself as a first practical step, if not an absolute necessity, towards extricating our Church music from its present unworthy state.

A few remarks may be made on the argument one hears so often advanced, that our brilliant (?) services attract Protestants, who, from being occasional visitors, finally remain with us. It has even been said that the organ loft has as much, if not more, to do with the making of converts as the pulpit. It may not be out of place to remark here in passing, that the German rationalist Strauss, the well-known author of the *Life of Christ*, maintained some decades ago that the Catholic Church was moribund; and one of his reasons

* See his Life, published by the Catholic Truth Society, price 1d.

was that she had forgotten her own old ecclesiastical music, and had not the vitality to produce new, but had to put up with the works "of that child of nature, Haydn, and of the pagan Mozart." So he calls these great composers, looking at them in the light of the character of their music; he knew well that in life both were practical Catholics. For my own part I always hesitate to encourage an educated, earnest Protestant to visit one of our churches when some noted preacher occupies the pulpit, fearing that his religious feelings might be outraged by some "indiscretions" of the choir.

About this so-called attractiveness I have a theory of my own which points to a very different result, and I would most respectfully submit it for earnest consideration. Leaving outsiders alone, I ask:—What about the Catholics in the Church? The late good Bishop of Liverpool, when making his visitations, was wont to complain of the paucity of attendance at the principal, the parochial Mass, as he said. By the older priests of the town the remark is often made that in the earlier days of their ministry Catholics were better churchgoers. Not long ago I heard it stated from the pulpit that the generation of English Catholics, who make it their business to attend the principal Mass, is fast dying out. Now, have the externals, if I may say so, of our services not much to do with this? Why should we give our mechanical presence in the church for the very considerable time of the duration of the service?* The Mass compositions we are made to listen to were written for well-trained choirs, with good professional solo singers; consequently, and it is no reflection on anyone to say so, in a great many cases with us, they can only be a torture to musical people. But, granted that here and there they are fairly well rendered, what are we having?

* The reform of the music at St. George's Cathedral, so happily inaugurated by the Bishop of Southwark, was largely due to his Lordship's sense of the undue and wearisome prolongation of the High Mass by the elaborate music with which it was accompanied.

Only the other Sunday I was present at a service, where an elaborate Mass by Haydn was very efficiently rendered. For just forty minutes the celebrant had to wait at the different parts of the Mass for the choir to finish the previous part. This kind of thing in itself is nothing short of cruelty, considering that the celebrant has not broken his fast. He waited after the *Kyrie;* twenty minutes at the *Gloria* and *Credo;* he waited at the Preface and after the Canon. Here is our Lord knocking at the door, as it were, eager to come in person amongst His faithful people: but no, He must wait till they have finished their performance in the organ-loft! No sooner has the first part of the consecration taken place than off goes the organ *sotto voce* with the prelude to the *Benedictus*. I do not blame the player, he has to go on with the musical performance. Now I might say, make some allowance for human nature, and be not surprised if people shirk a service so tediously protracted. But I take a higher ground. Is the repetition of the great drama enacted on Calvary to be reduced to fragments which are to serve to fill up the gaps in a musical composition? Or, to take another view, is the music in our church to be like that with which the great ones of the world garnish their banquets? There at least the chattering of tongues, the clatter of knives and forks can go on; but who can pray or meditate, and fulfil the purpose for which he comes to church, with such music dinning in his ears? These compositions may please some, to quite as many they will be a distraction, to the majority of worshippers they are a matter of indifference; and, to poor and rich alike, their inordinate length is a most objectionable feature! To conclude, all our services can never be more solemn, edifying, beautiful, and, if you like, attractive, than when they are in strict accordance with the liturgical laws. Mother Church knows best!

VI.

I must add a few words in reply to a letter signed "Organist of a Catholic Church" which appeared in the *Catholic Times,* in reference to some of the foregoing articles. The writer, whom I respect for his admiration of Haydn, expresses an opinion, altogether erroneous but widely held amongst us, which must be eradicated if we are to have a general desire for reform. It is said that it would be like Lent all the year round if we had the music for which I have been pleading. Those who are well acquainted with the approved style of Church music, know well that it is capable of expressing all the emotions of the soul—sorrow, sadness, as well as the highest joy. The time will come when we shall have our "Choir Festivals of Ecclesiastical Music," such as the Societies of St. Cecilia have in other countries: and those who live to attend our musical gatherings will marvel at the beauty of the gems which we now allow to be hidden from our view. It is said: "Surely you will not condemn all the lovely Masses of such a divinely inspired man as Papa Haydn," and we are told the familiar anecdote of Haydn having said: "When I think of the goodness of God, my heart is full of gladness, and I cannot help myself: I needs must write merrily." Now this says much for the simplicity and childlike faith of Haydn, but little for his knowledge of the laws of the Church, which indeed in his day had already fallen into oblivion.* The hallelujah lasses who dance and play the tambourine, singing hymns, will very likely give a similar explanation of their proceedings; and by the same reasoning a man might give a feast on the anniversary of his father's death, because that event put him into possession of a large fortune.

* Objections to Haydn's Masses were however not wanting in the composer's own lifetime. The Emperor Joseph II., of all men, on one occasion remarked, that Haydn was carrying his "toying" (Taendelei) a little too far. The Archbishop of Vienna forbade their use in the churches. (Bilder aus dem Musikleben, by A. W. Ambros.)

The question for us is: Are Haydn's Masses ecclesiastical music, such as the Church will have it? Mendelssohn says of one of them that it is of "unseemly levity" in a Catholic church. Professor Bischof, some time of the Cologne Conservatoire, and in his day an eminent musical critic, says in an essay on Haydn that "of his Masses, without a single exception, it may be said they are as certainly not ecclesiastical music as the religious belief of their composer is undoubted." And Canon Dr. Witt, than whom there could not be a better Catholic authority, tells us that, though there are passages in the Masses written in correct ecclesiastical style, not one of them is in its entirety suitable for a Catholic Church.

And here it may not be out of place to state that of the many Masses of Mozart's, the experts admit only two as Church music; of the others, one is sometimes called facetiously the *Don Giovanni*, another the *Magic Flute* Mass, because of the similarity of passages in the respective operas. The so-called "Twelfth Mass," Mozart's biographer, Jahn, has proved not to be his: Witt says it is full of musical platitudes and coarse harmonies of which Mozart could never have been guilty, and he expresses surprise to hear that this Mass is still sometimes rendered in Catholic churches in England. So much for authorities. Let any one ask himself, can he, as a rule, find in Haydn's *Kyrie* a sinner's cry for mercy, or in the *Dona nobis* an humble plea for peace, addressed to the Lamb of God? These Masses mostly begin and wind up more like a merry dance. And then the endless repetitions of single words, so inappropriate in a prayer sung; ten, twenty times, *Kyrie* by itself, and then *eleison* as often; or in the *Dona nobis*, first one word, *dona* over and over again, and *pacem* the same! It is just as preposterous as if, in reciting "Our Father Who art in heaven," a man should think he could improve upon it by repeating "Father," or "heaven," a great many times! Not seldom the stammering *papapapacem*, and *AAAAAmen*, goes on through dozens of bars; nay, worst of all, liberty is even taken with the liturgical

text,—*da pacem* is substituted for *dona nobis pacem* in order to suit the musical exigencies of the composition! I am at one with all who admire the great composers, but a Catholic church is not the place for the Masses here under consideration, and of the many of the same school; nor of such compositions as Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The hall mark of the Church is not on them; they have none of the characteristics she exacts of her music, therefore, away with them! Leave them for the concert room where they still may do good service. If those who labour under the illusion would only ponder a little over such points as are here stated, it would cost them no pang to see the intruders expelled from the sanctuary, if such should be the happy consummation of the reiteration of the will of the Church with regard to her music, just made by the Holy See. "Let the praise of our God be joyful and comely!" (Ps. cxlvi.)

GENERAL REGULATIONS FOR CHURCH MUSIC.

[The following are the most recent regulations addressed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites to the bishops of Italy. This "Regolamento" is substantially the same as former instructions, say, those of 1884 by the same Congregation, or the Apostolic Brief approving of the Statutes of the St. Cecilia Society.]

The Sacred Congregation of Rites, at its ordinary meetings of the 7th and 12th June, 1894, after having duly considered the subject, approved of the following regulation with regard to sacred music.

Article 1.—Every musical composition harmonizing with the spirit of the accompanying sacred function and religiously corresponding with the meaning of the rite and the liturgical words moves the faithful to devotion, and is therefore worthy of the house of God.

Article 2.—Such is the Gregorian Chant, which the Church regards as truly its own, and which is accord-

ingly the only one adopted in the liturgical books of which she approves.

Article 3.—The polyphonic chant, as also the chromatic chant, rendered in the style above indicated, may likewise be suitable to sacred functions.

Article 4.—The polyphonic chants, the compositions of Pierluigi da Palestrina and of his faithful imitators, are most worthy of the house of God. As to chromatic music that which comes to us from the great masters of the different Italian and foreign schools, and specially of the Roman choirmasters, whose works have been praised for their religious character by competent authority are recognized as worthy of Divine worship.

Article 5.—As a polyphonic musical composition, however perfect it may be, may, through faulty execution appear unsuitable, it ought to be replaced by the Gregorian Chant in sacred functions every time one is not certain of a successful rendering.

Article 6.—Figured organ music ought generally to be in accord with the grave, harmonious, and sustained character of that instrument. The instrumental accompaniment ought to decorously support and not drown the chant. In the preludes and interludes the organ as well as the other instruments ought always to preserve the sacred character corresponding to the spirit of the function.

Article 7.—In strictly liturgical functions one ought to use the language proper to the rite, and the selected pieces ought to be taken from the Sacred Scriptures, from the Breviary, or hymns and prayers approved by the Church.

Article 8.—In any other ceremony one may use the vulgar tongue, selecting the words of devout and approved compositions.

Article 9.—All profane music particularly if it savours of theatrical variations and reminiscences, is absolutely forbidden.

Article 10.—To safeguard the respect due to the words of the Liturgy and prevent the ceremony becom-

ing too long, every piece in which words are found to be omitted, deprived of their meaning, or indiscreetly repeated, is forbidden.

Article 11.—It is forbidden to break up into pieces, completely detached, the versicles which are necessarily interconnected.

Article 12.—It is forbidden to improvise fantasias upon the organ by anyone who is not capable of doing it in a suitable manner—that is in a way conformable not only to the rules of art but also calculated to inspire piety and recollectedness among the faithful.

INSTRUCTIONS TO PROMOTE THE STUDY OF SACRED MUSIC AND REMOVE ABUSES.

1.—Since Sacred Music forms part of the liturgy, Bishops are recommended to be specially careful of it and to make it the subject of ordinances, particularly in diocesan and provincial synods, always in conformity with the present regulations. The concurrence of the laity is permitted, but under the supervision of the Bishops. It is forbidden to form committees and hold congresses without the express consent of ecclesiastical authority, which for the diocese is the Bishop, and for the province the Metropolitan with the suffragans. It is also forbidden to publish reviews of sacred music without the *imprimatur* of the ordinary. All discussion of the articles of the present regulations is absolutely interdicted. As to what concerns sacred music, discussion is permissible provided the laws of charity are observed and that no one constitutes himself master and judge of others.

2.—Bishops should impose upon clerics the obligation of studying plain chant as it is found in books approved by the Holy See. As to other kinds of music and the study of the organ it will not be obligatory so as not to distract them from the more serious studies to which they should apply themselves; but if there should be found among them those who are already

versed in this kind of study, or who have particular aptitudes for it, they may be permitted to perfect themselves therein.

3.—Let the Bishops exercise supervision over parish priests and rectors of churches, so that they may not permit music contrary to the instructions of the present regulations, having recourse, if need be, to Canonical penalties against delinquents.

4.—The publication of the present regulations, and communication thereof made to the Bishops of Italy, abrogates all previous regulations on the same subject.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has deigned to approve in all their parts of the above regulations and ordered their publication the 6th of July, 1894.

GAETANO, CARDINAL ALOISI-MASELLA, Prefect.

LUIGI TRIPEPI, Secretary.

DOM MAURICE CHAUNCY
AND
BROTHER HUGH TAYLOR,
CARTHUSIAN MONKS.

By Dom Lawrence Hendricks,
Monk of the same Order.

Maurice Chauncy, born about the year 1513, was the eldest son of John Chauncy, of Pishiobury, near Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of John Proffit, of Barcombe, in Sussex. Sir Henry Chauncy, great-great-grandson of Maurice's brother, gives, in his *Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, some particulars regarding the family, whose pedigree is traced through many generations from Chauncy de Chauncy, near Amiens, who came over to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066, and whose name is in the famous roll of Battle Abbey, near Hastings.

After passing some time in the University of Oxford, where he does not appear to have taken a degree, Maurice became a law-student at Gray's Inn, in London. Sir Henry Chauncy says that Maurice, during his residence at Gray's Inn, paid a visit to his father at Pishiobury, intending to spend Christmas there. He was dressed in the gay attire of the young men of London in the reign of Henry VIII., and his father, a quiet country gentleman and no lover of finery, expressed his dislike of it. The son, so the story goes, "immediately resented it, and returned to London, where he fell into a contrary humour. He laid aside his glorious apparel, exchanged Gray's Inn for a monastery, took upon him the Carthusian habit, and became a monk in a house of that Order, now called the Charterhouse or Sutton's Hospital, where he applied his study to divinity." However all this may

be, it is certain that Maurice Chauncy presented himself as a postulant at the London Charterhouse when he was hardly twenty years of age, and received the white habit of the Carthusian Order from the hands of Blessed John Houghton, the Prior.

It may easily be gathered from Maurice Chauncy's own writings, that he was a very fervent novice, and became a thorough monk in a short time. The efforts he makes to escape notice when the events recorded might turn to his praise, and the open avowal of his fall, which took place under extenuating circumstances, demonstrate his humility. He calls himself an unworthy brother, a Saul among the prophets, a Judas among the apostles, a child of Ephraim turning back in the day of battle. All this, of course, he wrote some years later, but he must needs have laid a firm foundation of virtue at the beginning of his monastic life; for during the persecution which began almost immediately after his year of probation was over, he—though the youngest in the community and not yet a priest—distinguished himself among the bravest in resisting for a long time the monstrous claim of Henry VIII. to the title of Head of the Church. Then again, none but a truly devout religious could love his monastery as Maurice Chauncy loved the London Charterhouse. He calls it his mother, and speaks in glowing terms of the few happy years which he spent within its walls; and when at last he fell, it was, as will be seen later on, in no small measure due to this great love for the house of his holy profession.

It is not at all surprising that the young monk, endowed as he was with a generous disposition, made rapid progress in the way of monastic perfection, with such superiors and such companions as he found in the London Charterhouse. The Prior, the Vicar, the Procurator, and many others were unconsciously preparing themselves, by the practice of every virtue proper to their holy state, for a painful and glorious death, and were destined to be known and honoured throughout the Church Catholic among the martyred Saints of England. Chauncy's spiritual guide seems to have

been Blessed William Exmew, John Houghton's worthy Vicar; and under his direction he wrote a treatise, entitled, *An Epistle of Private Counsel.* Sir Henry Chauncy saw the manuscript which, we fear, has since been lost.

Chauncy's life in the Charterhouse was that of all Carthusian cloister monks, at least during the first years of their monastic life. He dwelt in a little cottage called a "cell," a description of which has already been given in *The Carthusian Martyrs** as well as in larger works. He rose every night for the "Great Watch," singing and praying for hours in the holy choir, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. In his cell, he devoted his time to vocal and mental prayer, to study and to manual work, in the spirit of obedience, penance and mortification, with the intention of glorifying God and the Church triumphant, of obtaining every heavenly blessing for himself and for the whole Church militant, and consolation and rest for the Church suffering in purgatory.†

Leaving the youthful cloister monk, Dom Maurice Chauncy, to commune with God in the solitude of his cell, we will now turn to the *Conversus* or professed lay brother, Hugh Taylor, who distinguished himself by his virtues and by the evident efficacy of his prayers, even in the midst of such holy companions as were the lay brothers of the London Charterhouse, six of whom were destined to gain the martyr's palm, and receive the honours of the Blessed. Chauncy tells us something of the "great perfection and simplicity of the lay brothers." "They were," he says in his *Historia*, "*Conversi*, not merely in name, but in very deed; wholly converted from the world to God, most obedient sons, dearest brothers, faithful servants, full of fatherly affection, most attentive to the cloister monks (to whom they

* Published by C.T.S., price one penny.

† Many particulars regarding the life and spirit of the Carthusian Order will be found in *The Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse* (Burns and Oates), and in *The London Charterhouse, its Monks and its Martyrs* (Kegan Paul and Co).

proved no little consolation in their troubles), and intimate friends of God." We read how Almighty God blessed them with many special graces. A pious emulation as to who would excel in humility, self-denial, and other virtues suitable to their state of life was seen to exist among them; and Hugh Taylor was one of the most fervent in this holy company, though he was not, like his still more highly favoured brethren, called upon to lay down his life for the faith. He seems to have been preserved from martyrdom that he might be instrumental in the perpetuation of a remnant of the English Province of his Order—a remnant which only died out at the end of the eighteenth century.

Hugh Taylor entered the London Charterhouse in 1518. Under the able direction of Prior Tynbygh, the holy Irishman who formed the Carthusian Martyrs to monastic life and led them to heroic virtue, Brother Hugh made rapid progress in the way of perfection, and was favoured with many special graces. It is recorded that he was so pleasing to God that his prayers were well-nigh always effectual. He was wont, moreover, to give advice in all humility to those who sought his aid; and his advice was always good, for he consulted our Lord in earnest prayer before speaking.

Blessed John Houghton, the Protomartyr of King Henry's persecution, may be counted amongst those who had profited by this good lay brother's prayers and counsels. When John Houghton was the Father Sacristan of the Charterhouse, he was desirous of reverently consuming, during his Mass, a sacred particle which had been rejected by a monk who was sick of the plague; feeling however a great repugnance and fearing contagion, he thought he would ask Brother Hugh to beseech our Lord to manifest His will. The brother had already been favoured with several revelations, and all the monks knew that he was a man of God, and obtained almost all that he demanded. John Houghton then, always remarkable for his humility, had recourse to the lay brother. Hugh, with his wonted simplicity, accepted the proposal, and with most earnest

devotion he begged our dear Lord to make known His good pleasure. Hugh's prayer was heard. Rapt in ecstacy during the "Great Watch" at dead of night, he saw a procession of angels in white raiment, each bearing a lighted candle in his hand. Entering the sacristy, they went straight to the place in which the Sacristan had concealed the sacred particle. They bowed down in deepest adoration, opened the pix, and after remaining some moments in contemplation of their Lord hidden in the Sacrament of His love to men, they vanished away. When morning came, Brother Hugh asked the Sacristan if he had not placed the sacred particle he spoke of in that place. The answer being in the affirmative, Hugh told the story of his vision, and the Sacristan, fully assured by this grace, consumed the particle during his Mass; "neither," says Chauncy, "did he fear death, for he received the Author of life, nor sickness, for he received Him who healeth all our infirmities; nor did he any longer feel repugnance, for he tasted in spirit that the Lord is sweet."

Seculars were also in the habit of confiding their doubts and difficulties to Brother Hugh. One day, for instance, a young man, unable to decide whether to embrace the religious state or to marry, laid his case before him. The Brother, after recommending the matter to God, told him to get married; "for," said he, "the will of God is that you should be both a husband and a monk." Accordingly he married, and then begged his bride to give him leave to retire into a monastery. She refused, and he abandoned the project. At length, having become the father of a family, he forgot all about his attraction to the religious state. Some years elapsed, and the wife reminded her husband of his former aspirations, saying that she now wished to be a nun. Brother Hugh's prediction presented itself to his memory, and he consented to the proposal. Having provided for the education of their children with a relative, the pious couple separated, the husband becoming a Carthusian monk at the Charterhouse of Sheen, near Richmond, and the wife a Bridgettine nun at Syon, near Isleworth.

Hugh Taylor's charity was not only for the good and pious. This large-hearted lay brother was sometimes of use to those who were unworthy of his kindness. There was, unfortunately, a bad monk in the London Charterhouse, whose name was Thomas Salter. Chauncy's work on the Martyrs, the archives of the Order, and the State Papers of England all bear witness against him. Not content with rendering himself guilty of quitting the enclosure without leave on three occasions, he was noted for detraction and slander. He was always ready to speak and to write evil of his brethren, his Order, and his Prior. His letters, in which he attacks his Rule, that he did not choose to observe, and his Superior, Blessed John Houghton, whom he could not appreciate, are still extant. It is moreover to be feared that he once laid violent hands upon the holy Prior. Even this wretched man found a friend in need in Brother Hugh Taylor, for it appears that, divine grace having at length abandoned Thomas Salter, the devils were permitted to vex and beat him; and had they not been put to flight by the charitable and earnest prayers of a lay brother, they would probably have killed him. It is believed on good authority that this pious lay brother was none other than Hugh Taylor.

The details of the troubles which befel the monks of the London Charterhouse belong for the most part to the history of the Martyrs; and in order not to repeat what has already been written more than once, we must take it for granted that the reader has some knowledge of them. Suffice it then to say that Maurice Chauncy was an eye-witness of and a partaker in the sorrows and perplexities of the community. In the spring of 1534, he saw his holy Prior and the Procurator, Father Humphrey Middlemore, led off to the Tower; and he was present at the meetings in the Chapter-house which followed their liberation and return to the monastery. His name is in the list of those who, on the 6th of June, 1534, took the Oath of Succession under the condition *as far as it was lawful*. In this, it will be remembered, he followed the advice of Blessed John Houghton, who

had himself taken that oath before being set free from the Tower. Hugh Taylor's name is not in that list, nor is it to be found in any of the documents relating to the persecution. It is impossible to say whether he was sent to another Charterhouse, or whether he contrived to absent himself without being missed when Cromwell, Bedyll, and the other agents of King Henry's tyranny held their conferences in the Chapter-house. However this may be, Brother Hugh was neither a martyr nor an apostate. Without compromising his conscience, he was preserved by Divine Providence for the work he had afterwards to perform.

Chauncy took part in the solemn *triduum* by which the monks prepared to suffer and to die for the faith, and to his pen we are indebted for what we know of the touching scene of mutual reconciliation, and for many other details regarding the trials and glorious death of the eighteen Carthusian Martyrs.

After the execution of the second three martyrs, in June 1535, Chauncy, though still young, distinguished himself among the bravest of the monks, who besides being proof against all the temptations they had to encounter, and models of patience under the dreadful hardships imposed upon them by the lay Commissioners who took charge of the Charterhouse, encouraged the weaker brethren to continue their resistance. The humble Chauncy does not say that he was one of the four whom the Royal Commissioners deemed incorrigible Papists, and whom they got rid of in the hope that, without their aid, the others would be induced to surrender their consciences and swear to the King's new title of Head of the Church. The State Papers put it beyond a doubt that these four were Blessed John Rochester, Blessed James Walworth, Father John Fox, and our hero, Maurice Chauncy. On the 4th of May, 1536 (the anniversary of their Prior's martyrdom), these four monks were sent to two other houses of their Order. The two future martyrs went to the Charterhouse by Hull, Fox and Chauncy to that of Beauvale, in Nottinghamshire.

In August of the following year, 1537, Henry Man, the unworthy Prior of Sheen, who afterwards became a Protestant Bishop, and John Mitchel, Prior of Witham, who had been "turned and satisfied" by Lee, Archbishop of York, visited the Charterhouse of Beauvale. Man had become the Visitor and Mitchel the Assistant Visitor of the English Charterhouses, not according to the rules and customs of the Order, but by royal appointment. Since the imprisonment and martyrdom of Blessed Robert Lawrence, their Prior, most of the monks of Beauvale had been induced to acknowledge the King's alleged right to be head of the Church of England. The Visitors found amongst those who still held out, Fox and Chauncy, who had now been there over fifteen months. These two monks being very desirous to return to the house of their profession, where no doubt they hoped to find at least some of their former companions still true to the Catholic faith, the Visitors granted their request and sent them back to London. They were not, however, allowed to return at once to the Charterhouse, for it was thought proper to pervert them before they rejoined their brethren. So, not unwisely, they were sent to the Bridgettine Fathers at Syon, where Copinger was "Confessor General." This friar, who left the Church the first time heresy was preached, had subsequently been persuaded by Cromwell and Stokesley, Bishop of London, to accept the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII., and it was hoped that he would be able to induce the two Carthusians to take the oath. He had already been successful with regard to some of their brethren. The state of mind of Fox and Chauncy at this time may be gathered from the following letter from the Visitors to Father Copinger:—

"To the good and religious Father, Master Copinger, General Confessor at Syon.

"Father Confessor, in our Saviour Jesus be your salvation. We have sent to you our brethren Fox and Chauncy, to whom we beseech you to show your charity,

as you have done to divers others of our brethren before this. They be very scrupulous in the matter concerning the Bishop of Rome, but they be not obstinate. We trust you shall find them reasonable and tractable, for they be much desirous to have your counsel, and to speak with you *facie ad faciem*. Each of them hath a book wherein be such authorities as they do lean unto. We pray you hear all that they will propose, and thereto make such answers as your learning and wisdom shall move you. We were purposed to have reasoned with them in every point contained in their books; but their desire was so much to speak with you, and to be removed from the house where they were, that we thought it good to condescend to their request, and not to spend so long time with them, for we had much business with certain others, as they can tell you. Therefore, good Father, for the love that you have to God's honour and the King's, to the wealth of their souls, and to the honesty of our religion, help to remove their scruples, as our trust is that you will. We pray you recommend us to our good mother, Lady Abbess, desiring her good will and furtherance herein. And we shall see that such cost as they shall put your house to shall be recompensed by the grace of Jesus, who augment His grace in you.

"From the Charterhouse of Beauvale, the last day of August [1537], your loving brethren in God,

"HENRY MAN } Visitors of that Order
"JOHN MITCHEL } assigned by the King's grace."

At Syon House, Chauncy and his companion must have learnt the fate of the ten monks who, having refused the oath, were cast into Newgate to die of hunger and filth. They were told, moreover, how the others, by taking the oath, had preserved the Charterhouse from destruction. But the Charterhouse, they heard, was still in danger of being suppressed, unless they would add their consent to that of their brethren, for the submission of all the monks was required. The two monks continued their resistance for a time, and then, alas,

they fell. Stifling as best they could the voice of conscience, they took the heretical oath. In their hearts they disapproved of the words which outwardly they pronounced, pleading for excuse their duty to return to the Charterhouse and observe their vow of stability, which obliges Carthusian monks to dwell in the house of their profession unless holy obedience ordain otherwise. Bitterly did Father Chauncy weep during the remaining years of his long life over this one blot upon the history of his career. He makes no excuses for his weakness, and even endeavours to hide from his readers the fact that he and Father Fox were the last of all who fell, and that they fell under extenuating circumstances. They had not, as their brethren had in the previous May, the bright example before them of the ten who were willing to die. They seemed to be standing out alone in the face of an apostate nation. Yet Chauncy makes no such excuses for his conduct, but with deepest humility he urges his unworthiness to be called or deemed a member of the community of the London Charterhouse. Thus Chauncy the penitent is by no means the least edifying of our old English Carthusians.

It was about the end of November, 1537, when Chauncy, with a guilty conscience and an anxious heart, returned to the London Charterhouse. He and his companions endeavoured to console themselves by the thought that, by their concession, they had regained the King's favour and preserved the monastery from destruction. But they were mistaken. Less than a year elapsed, and they were all driven out with a wretched pension of five pounds a year for each monk, and unable to continue their monastic life, unless they could escape beyond the seas in spite of the law which forbade unauthorized going abroad.

Father Chauncy and Brother Taylor, the latter of whom we have lost sight of during the persecution, seem to have been the first of the English Carthusians to leave their native land in order to resume their habit and their Rule. Shortly after the suppression of the London Charterhouse, in November, 1538, they made

their way to Bruges, where they were kindly received by their Flemish brethren at the Charterhouse of Val-de-Grâce. There Chauncy wrote his famous history of the Martyrs. A few years later, he was permitted to make a second profession of vows, and was appointed Sacristan of the monastery. This second profession after removing to another Charterhouse was formerly a custom of the Carthusian Order, and it entitled those who made it to enjoy the privileges of the professed monks of the house. The General Chapter of 1547 authorized the Prior and convent of Bruges to admit the English refugees to the second profession.

Fifteen or sixteen years in the Flemish Charterhouse prepared Father Chauncy for the arduous duties of the remainder of his life. At length, early in 1555, he received instructions from the Grande Chartreuse to return home and endeavour to re-establish the Order, for England had returned to the Catholic faith. Father John Fox, who had followed him to Bruges, and Brother Hugh Taylor were to be his companions. The three monks arrived in London at the end of May, and were very kindly received by Sir Robert Rochester, brother of Blessed John Rochester the Carthusian Martyr. Sir Robert, who was Comptroller of the Queen's household, allotted to them some apartments in the Savoy; and as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself, he introduced them to Cardinal Pole, and afterwards to Queen Mary. Both Queen and Cardinal assured the monks that one of their Charterhouses should shortly be restored. In the meantime they were to be provided for in the Savoy at her Majesty's expense.

On the 24th of July, 1556, Father John Fox died of a fever, and was interred in the Savoy Chapel. Chauncy then wrote to the Grande Chartreuse asking for another monk to be his companion, and Father Richards, late of St. Anne's Charterhouse, near Coventry, was accordingly sent over to England. Since his escape beyond the seas, he had made a second profession in a Dutch *Karthuiserklooster*, as Carthusian monasteries are called in Holland, and had been appointed Vicar there. Only

five weeks after his return to England, he died, and was buried in the Savoy Chapel beside his predecessor John Fox. This was a sad trial for Chauncy, and had he not been encouraged to persevere by the Cardinal and Sir Robert Rochester, he would probably have abandoned all hope of restoration and returned to Flanders. But, as is often the case, it was just when all hope seemed to be lost that success was drawing nigh. It became known throughout England that some Carthusians were living in the Savoy with the hope of re-establishing a house of their Order, and many monks who, since the suppression of their respective Charterhouses, had been living in the world, desired to become members of Chauncy's community. They flocked in from all sides; and the inconveniences which result from lack of proper accommodation now took the place of the difficulties arising from want of members. Besides, the Savoy was not a monastery, and regular observance of the Rule there was quite impossible. Cardinal Pole then took the matter seriously in hand, and before the end of the year the monks were able to remove to the Charterhouse of Sheen, near Richmond.

Maurice Chauncy and his community took possession of the Charterhouse of Sheen in November, 1556, just eighteen years after the suppression of that of London, followed soon after by that of all the other houses of the English Province. It seems to have been taken for granted that Chauncy was to be the Superior, and in Cardinal Pole's official letters, dated the 31st of December, he is appointed Prior, "in consideration of his faith, his learning, and other manifold virtues and deserts." The Cardinal exceeded his powers on the occasion, for even an Archbishop and a Papal Legate should not install a Prior without consulting the General Chapter or the Father General of the Order; and when the Chapter met in the spring, while confirming Chauncy's election to the priorate, and thanking his Eminence for his kindness, they did not fail to mention their conviction that no derogation of the privileges of the Order was intended.

Several of the monks had, like their Prior, been weak during the persecution under Henry VIII. Two of them must be mentioned in passing: Father John Mitchel, late Prior of Witham, whom we have seen as Assistant Visitor by royal appointment, and Father John Wilson, late Prior of Mount Grace, in Yorkshire, whose fall was due, as the State Papers show, to the continued efforts of Archbishop Lee. Lee had always been on terms of warm friendship with the Carthusians, and thus had a considerable influence upon them even after his lamentable fall.

The community at Sheen had not long enjoyed their solitude and silence, edifying all who knew them by their piety and fervour in the service of God, when the death of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole gave the signal for new troubles. The Princess Elizabeth had declared with oaths—which by the way were pretty common with her—that she was a Catholic; but she soon lent a willing ear to her Protestant tempters, who urged upon her the expediency of renouncing the authority of the Holy See. To acknowledge the claims of the Pope was, they reminded her, equivalent to admitting that she was not born in lawful wedlock, and could therefore have no hereditary right to the crown. The office of head of the Church, a strange one indeed for one of her sex, had also its attractions for this ambitious woman, who even refused to have a husband or an heir lest she should be obliged to share her power and glory with another. But we must not dwell upon the character of "Good Queen Bess." Whatever her motives may have been, it was clear that the short-lived revival of the true religion was at an end, and that mutilated Christianity, with all its contradictions, its changes, and its divisions, was about to be enforced by law.

Father Chauncy saw that it was time to seek another home for his monks, and, through the influence of the Duke of Feria, he obtained leave for them to quit the kingdom without being molested. Still Chauncy was loth to abandon the Charterhouse of Sheen; and he determined, somewhat indiscreetly, to pay a visit to the

court, in the forlorn hope of being allowed to stay. It is said that, but for the interference of good Brother Hugh, this visit would have got Chauncy into trouble: the lay brother simply took his Prior by the shoulder and led him out of the royal precincts. The whole community went over to Flanders a few days later, where most of them were received in the Charterhouse of Bruges. They were supported partly by Philip II., King of Spain, and partly by some charitable English Catholics, the Duchess of Feria, great-niece of Blessed Sebastian Newdigate, being a special benefactress. Without her aid they would have been unable to pay for their board in the Flemish Charterhouse, for the Spanish pension came very irregularly.

A few years later, in 1561, Father Chauncy became Prior, by order of the General Chapter, notwithstanding his being a foreigner. His second profession, during his former stay at the Charterhouse of Bruges, made the appointment less astonishing to the Flemish monks; yet we cannot be surprised that they found it rather hard to see their house filled even to inconvenience with English monks, and one of them in the Prior's stall. The English, moreover, wished to remain distinct from the Flemings, and to have a novitiate of their own, for they always entertained the hope of soon being able to return to England. It appears from the reports of the General Chapters of the Order that these things gave rise to some little misunderstanding in the community. In 1562, Chauncy is reminded that his officers should, if possible, be Flemings, or at least that they should be thoroughly acquainted with the language of the country; and in 1568 a separation is authorized. Prior Chauncy is to look for a suitable house for the English Carthusians. The charity of several other voluntary exiles from England, and of some foreign friends, including the Holy Father, St. Pius V., enabled Father Chauncy to avail himself of the permission of the General Chapter, and in the following year a house in St. Clare's Street, Bruges, was ready for the English Carthusians. Chauncy then resigned the priorate of the Flemish Charterhouse,

and resumed his former title of Prior of Sheen. From this time until their final suppression, 1783, the English Carthusians, whenever they had a house of their own, called it *Sheen Anglorum*, and used the seal of Jesus of Bethlehem. This seal is now, through the kindness of Mr. C. M. Berington of Little Malvern Court, the property of the new English Charterhouse of St. Hugh of Lincoln, in Sussex.

The English Carthusians lived in St. Clare's Street, Bruges, for over nine years, observing their holy Rule in peace and tranquillity. In 1572, Chauncy published an edition of Dom Peter Sutor's treatise, *De Vita Cartusiana*. The old country, and the speedy re-establishment of the Catholic religion and the Carthusian Order there, were always present to the minds of the exiled monks. These ideas provided them with matter for conversation as well as for prayer. A member of the community, Father John Suertis, will give us, in his own quaint way, an illustration of this:—"It chanced the same time [about 1571] that Sir Francis Englefield with other strangers dined with Father Maurice. Sir Francis asked Father Maurice of Father Norton's vision, how it was? Father Maurice said: Father Norton was Prior of Mount Grace, a monastery of our holy Order in Yorkshire, a very godly man, and the last Prior there save Prior Wilson. Our Blessed Saviour did appear unto him divers times visibly, as it pleased Him. This was in King Henry the Eighth's days, when England was infected with Martin Luther's doctrine, and King Henry dissolved all religious houses. Our Lord spoke to Prior Norton and said: 'Thy nation doth begin to refuse Me. and pull down all religion. What sayest thou now unto this?' He said, 'Blessed Lord, I can say nothing, but desire grace and mercy from Thee.' Our Saviour answered, 'I have done for you all that I could, and I have given you a golden button as one friend doth to another; this is, I have given them a free will that they may amend if they will, if they will not, they shall find My justice. As they amend with Me, so I will amend with them.' 'Yet, Blessed Saviour,' said Prior Norton,

'I beseech Thy mercy and grace for this holy Order.' 'In that,' said He, 'I will hear thee; *for the time shall come that where there was one house of your Order there shall be three.*'

"Then," continues Father Suertis, "Sir Francis began to say that his tenants in England had written unto him that they, dwelling near Sheen, heard for nine nights together the monks that Father Chauncy had buried in Sheen to have sung service with light in the church: and when they did of purpose set ladders to the church walls, to see them in the church, suddenly they ceased. And they heard Father Fletcher's voice, which every one knew, above them all."

Suertis tells us that he asked Brother Hugh Taylor whether Father Norton's vision was worthy of credit. "Yes," said he, "it is most true." And he added that "our Blessed Saviour had said unto him in a Divine vision, *that there should be yet thirty-three Charterhouses in England.*" If we count a short-lived foundation at Totnes, and the Scotch Charterhouse at Perth, Hugh Taylor's thirty-three houses will agree with Prior Norton's three to one.

A few more words must be said here regarding Brother Hugh, for he died in the temporary *Sheen Anglorum* at Bruges. Hugh Taylor was a true contemplative, but—as is generally the case—he was quite able to apply himself to active work. When he was well advanced in years and ripe for heaven, he still held the office of Procurator, for as long as Brother Hugh lived Father Chauncy would never have another. The Procurator should be a cloister monk, but the exception to the general rule which was made in Brother Hugh's case did not offend or displease anybody: "he was so charitable to all men." It is recorded that good Brother Hugh was favoured with many Divine visions. He lived, so to speak, on familiar terms with our Blessed Lord; but he never sought in these favours an excuse for idleness, nor a pretext for refusing to render himself useful to all. The *Ephemerides Cartusienses* tell us that one day, after promising to help

another lay brother with some work at a certain hour, Brother Hugh applied himself to mental prayer in his cell. Our Lord appeared, and held sweet conversation with His faithful servant. At length the hour for work came, and the apparition still continued. What was Brother Hugh to do? Was not so signal a favour enough to excuse him from the fulfilment of his promise? The holy man did not reason thus, but begging his Divine Guest to excuse him, he hastened to the workshop. When the work was completed, Hugh returned to his cell, where he found the heavenly apparition still present, and had the consolation of hearing these words: "Hugh, the duty that thou hast just performed has pleased Me more than anything thou hast done hitherto, for thou hast renounced the enjoyment of My sensible presence in order to aid thy brother."

Father Suertis mentions another remarkable vision with which Hugh Taylor was favoured. "He told me once," says Suertis, "our Saviour, in a vision, called him; saying, 'Hugh, dost thou love Me?' 'Yea, Blessed Lord,' said he, 'I love Thee with all my heart.' Then our Lord in the figure of His humanity reached him His foot, which he reverently kissed. 'Ask of Me,' said our Blessed Lord, 'what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.' 'I will ask nothing but what pleases Thee, Blessed Lord,' said Hugh. Then our Lord said, 'I promise thee I will do more for thee than for any mortal man in the world now living.' And so, suddenly He was gone." Nobody knows what this promise was. Suertis thought it might be the preservation of a remnant of the English Carthusians; and had not that remnant ceased to exist towards the close of the eighteenth century, we should be inclined to think so too. It would indeed be very interesting if the present Carthusians of England could claim to be descended through Maurice Chauncy from the Martyrs of the London Charterhouse. But it is not so. That line ended with Father Francis Williams, who died in 1797. Perhaps it might seem rash to hope that the promise made to Brother Hugh

will be realized in the foundation of the thirty-three British Charterhouses. A great many vocations both to the cloister and to the state of the lay brothers would be required before that could be accomplished.

Having suffered exile, poverty, and many hardships and contradictions for his fidelity to the Catholic religion and to his holy vocation, Hugh Taylor died on the 30th of September, 1575. The obituary of the General Chapter held at the Grande Chartreuse in the following spring, contains the word of commendation, which is so rare in the Order that those who receive it may almost be considered to have been judged worthy of canonization—"who lived fifty-seven years in the Order in a praiseworthy manner (*laudabiliter*)."

The loss of Brother Hugh was a great trial for Father Chauncy, but we may be sure he bore it well. It appears from a letter of Cardinal Allen's, which is printed in the Introduction to the *Douay Diaries*, that about this time Chauncy wrote to the Cardinal to express his dislike of the secular disguises of the priests on the English mission. These disguises were absolutely necessary in order to escape the vigilance of the pursuivants at least for a time, and work for the salvation of souls. It is not surprising, however, that Chauncy should have been shocked at such deception until the reason for it had been fully explained to him. He had learned Carthusian simplicity from the lips of the Blessed Martyrs, John Houghton and William Exmew. At Syon House, in 1537, he had forgotten this lesson and been guilty of dissimulation, and his unhappy fall was ever present to his memory. For forty years he had been doing penance for that moment of weakness, and his trials were not yet over; more troubles, more cares, more labours were in store for him before he could join the martyrs in their heavenly home.

In 1578, the peace of the little English Charterhouse in St. Clare's Street, Bruges, was disturbed by the arrival of a detachment of the army of the Prince of Orange. Father John Suertis was Sacristan, and one of his duties being to recite in the church, before the

Blessed Sacrament, those portions of the Divine Office which the other monks say in their cells, he was alone there when his story begins. It is too curious and important to be abridged, and Suertis' old-fashioned English makes it all the more interesting. So we will let him speak:—

"I was," he says, "saying the Prime of the day, and suddenly came in a well elderly man, nothing like a soldier, nor anything in his hand, a black hat on his head, a fustian white doublet, and a pair of white stockings, and said never a word, but took off his hat when he was within the choir door, and went right up before me to the high altar, looking here and there, and went directly to the deacon's table, where I had got five chalices for the altars. He took them all in his arms and went unto the priest's chair, took off the cushion, opened the coffer under the cushion, put in all the chalices, and covered all over with the cushion again, went out on the other side of the choir, looking on me, and as he went out put to the choir door. Then, straight the soldiers rapped at the gates, and cried, *'Ouvre la porte! ouvre la porte!'*

"They came in two and two with their swords in their hands and their pieces charged, and went round about the choir, but took nothing besides a purificating cloth for the chalice. They went forth of the church, opened my cell door and went in, and sat round and about my cell. I, coming into my cell, asked them what they would have. They said apples, and so sat and drank. So I went to Father Prior's cell door and told him what they would have. He brought forth a great salmon pasty, and I gave it them. They went into the court, and divided it amongst them. Then, they seeing Father Prior themselves, three of them came to him and promised him to bring twelve of the honestest men amongst them for to keep his from all harm: the rest, they said, were all naught. So they did. Yet the rest would not consent before they had drunk with the Prior. Then all the companies came in, and drank first one barrel of beer, then another, so that

they left not one drop in the house. When all was gone, two went into the brewer's and fetched in a fresh barrel for themselves. They permitted us only to say private Masses. They had the refectory, we the church. They remained with us in this manner about six weeks, and were all very well treated.

"Father Prior asked me what became of the chalices; so I told him of the old man, and I desired he would reward him for his good will, thinking he had been a soldier. But when Father Maurice had desired of the captains that this man might be brought unto him, both they and all the soldiers protested that there was no such man amongst them all that was clothed with a white doubtlet and white stockings, for all the soldiers had buff coats.

"Notwithstanding the good and fair usage they had, they all conspired with their captains to have killed us all. * And the same day that they had given their soldiers the watchword—there was nothing but crying *Sa ! sa ! sa !* that night—at five of the clock after Evensong, the Spaniards came to fight beside Bruges. So they all marched forth of Bruges to fight them. But so they fought that the Spaniards left not one of them alive. After which victory, the magistrates were so grieved that they sent word to Father Prior to be gone within twenty days; else he and all the house should be burned without mercy. This was cold news unto us all. Father Prior went and prostrated himself before them all, but he could get no mercy. So he sold all things at random, and paid all debts. And on St. George's Day, the first waggons went with Father Vicar [Roger Thompson] and half the convent; and the last day, Father Prior with the other part of the convent.

"For the packing up of all the stuff," Father Suertis continues, "the magistrates of Bruges sent their packer, and one of their sixteen men to see the packing

* Those men or some of their comrades had murdered twelve monks of the Charterhouse of Ruremond a few years before. The victims are looked upon as martyrs, but their cause has not yet been examined at Rome.

of everything, for they feared that we should carry bullets and shots unto the enemies; and on every pack was set the Prince of Orange's great seal. This favour they showed.

"When we were at our gates to take our waggon, God knows how many weeping eyes both of rich and poor there were, and even the best of all the city. We came that night to a poor place of a house where the waggoners were wont to roost, but for beds, all the way we took great patience, and were in great danger of the enemies. The next night we came unto Lille, where we found all our brethren in good health," *i.e.*, those who had left Bruges some days before with the Father Vicar. "When we should go to supper, came all the heretics of the whole city, and had almost rifled our packs. Our host stood very stoutly in our defence for life and death. When they saw the Prince of Orange's seal on everything, they were appeased; but we rose early in the morning, by good counsel, and so escaped the danger they proposed.

"The next day, at night, we came to Douay. They did let us in at the gates; but none dared to receive us to lodging. So we sat in our waggons two or three hours in the streets; and at last two poor sisters bid us come into the house and we should be welcome. . . And when we were in the midst of supper, the captain with the soldiers came, and would see our passport. So it was read, and they departed, and willed us to be gone at four o'clock in the morning. So we did.

"The next night we should have lodged at Cambray, and word came that if we came there we should be cut to pieces. So we went beyond Cambray an English mile, and lay on boards in great fear of the enemy. Then we went from thence unto St. Quintin's in France, on a Sunday. There we stood about three hours without the walls, for it was the law not to open the gates to any one without license. When we understood this, Father Prior sent Thomas Evans and John Story unto the magistrates to speak for us, that we might enter. . . When the magistrates had heard of the matter, they

were glad thereof, and appointed Chanon to bring us in. When we were well settled, came the Dean and other venerable priests to salute Father Maurice and the convent, and gave him a good alms. We were there a month and more, and very well used. And from thence we came to a house of our Order beside Renaud, called St. Ludovick's House. There we were another month and more. Thence Father Prior went to Don John of Austria to speak for us, and we stayed there till he sent for us to Louvain."

Prior Chauncy obtained from Don John of Austria, who was Governor of the Netherlands, a letter of introduction to Father Peter de Merica, Prior of the Charterhouse of St Mary Magdalen under the Cross, at Louvain, where there were a number of unoccupied cells. Furnished with this letter, Chauncy presented himself at Louvain, and was allowed to take possession of the empty cells and prepare them for the reception of his community. He then sent for the monks, who, after many more sufferings and dangers, entered the Louvain Charterhouse on the 17th of July, 1578.

At this time Chauncy's community were twenty in number, eighteen cloister monks and two lay brothers. The good Prior had buried, at Bruges, nearly all the seniors. Father Nicholas Dugmer, a former monk of Beauvale, and Father Nicholas Balland, late of Hinton, died shortly after the arrival of the community at Louvain; and then Chauncy was the only Carthusian who remembered the English Province of his Order before Henry VIII. had performed his work of destruction.

The English Carthusians had not long been settled at Louvain, when they lost their friend and benefactor Don John of Austria, who died on the 1st of October, 1578. The Flemish Prior then refused to supply them with food, for he feared they might be unable to pay for it. In those days every Charterhouse was obliged to be self-supporting, and their resources were often very limited. The presence, moreover, in his monastery of a community which remained altogether out of

his jurisdiction was not likely to be pleasing to him. It is said also that Dom Peter de Merica was by nature rather "a hard man." Had it not been for the kindness of some of the English Catholics, exiled for conscience' sake, particularly Lady Hungerford and Sir Francis Englefield, the community would have been dispersed in various foreign houses of the Order.

In 1579, Father Bernard Carasse, Prior of the Grande Chartreuse and General of the Carthusian Order, granted some special privileges to Father Chauncy. He calls him "Visitor of England," and promises him a full *monachatus* * and a Mass of Our Lady throughout the Order. He then adds that after his death, by a more ample privilege, a prayer for the repose of his soul will be said in the Chapter-house after Prime on all Sundays and Festivals, not only in the English Charterhouse abroad, where ever it may be, but also in all Charterhouses that may be restored or founded in England.

Father Chauncy was sixty-seven years old when, in February, 1580, he undertook a journey to Spain. He wished to inform the King of the great needs of his community in the hope of obtaining a more liberal grant, for, notwithstanding the kindly aid of the Holy Father, Pope Gregory XIII., and several other charitable friends, the English Carthusians were in continual danger of being separated for want of sufficient means of support. A journey from Louvain to Madrid was long and fatiguing in those days, and Chauncy was old and infirm. He was taken ill in the Charterhouse of Paular, near Segovia in Castile, and was obliged to remain there for three months. A few lines from a letter from the Prior of Paular, Father Bernard de Castro, to the English monks at Louvain will perhaps be interesting. They show that Chauncy's visit made a good impression on the Spanish Carthusians. "Father Maurice," says Dom Bernard, whose letter is in Latin, "Father Maurice, so venerable on account of his advanced age and the

* A *monachatus* consists of a number of Masses, psalms, and prayers to be celebrated or recited by the members of the Order for the repose of the soul of him for whom it is intended.

ripeness of his virtues, seemed entitled to every attention and services. His personal appearance, his words, his countenance, his gait, all manifest his interior qualities. Though his body is weak, his intellect is still intact, and he enjoys the full use of his senses for prayer, meditation, and other spiritual exercises, the part of Mary, while old age undermining his constitution renders him less capable of fulfilling the duties of Martha."

At length Father Chauncy's health improved a little and he proceeded to Madrid, where he and his Procurator, Father Thomas Lawrence, were very kindly entertained by the Duchess of Feria. An interview with the King was sought and obtained. It proved successful, and Chauncy, having gained the object which had led him so far from his home, desired to return to Louvain without delay; he was, however, too weak to undertake the journey, and was prevailed upon to accept a kind invitation to spend the winter with the Duchess of Feria. In the spring, he set out, and managed to get as far as Paris, where he was taken ill for the last time. In the famous Chartreuse founded by St. Louis, King of France, surrounded by his French brethren, and fortified by the rites of Holy Church, Maurice Chauncy breathed out his pious soul to God, on the 12th of July, 1581. His body was laid in the church-yard of the monastery in which he died, and his soul, we may feel sure, was admitted without a long delay into the blessed company of the Martyrs of London, with whom he had lived so happily in his youth, and whose glorious history he wrote.

Faith and Reason.

By the Rev. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J.*

The subject of my address to you this evening is "Faith and Reason; or, the reasonableness of believing in Revelation."

And if you ask me why, among the many burning questions of the hour, I have selected this particular topic for discussion before you, in whom Faith and Reason have never, as yet, quarrelled, my answer is this:—I have been led to make choice of this theme not so much from a sense that of all others it is the most suited to yourselves, as in the hope that through you it may be helpful to others, who are groping through the mists of doubt for the light of Faith. It seems to me that whilst the Rationalists are making it their business to try to persuade their fellows not only that Faith is contrary to reason, but that it leads to mental slavery, it becomes a sacred duty for Christians to point out to their fellow-countrymen that not only is Faith not incompatible with reason, but, on the contrary, most helpful to it, and especially conducive to mental freedom.

With your kind permission, then, we will see whether we cannot carry out the bidding of the Apostle, and justify what he terms "our reasonable service," by a well-reasoned account of that Faith in which it is our privilege to live, for which it was the glory of our English martyrs to die.

At the outset, the first thing we have to do is to determine what we mean by Faith. By Faith, then, I mean, believing on the authority of another; that is to

* This lecture was given at Nottingham at a Reunion of the congregations of the Diocese.

say, believing some proposition uttered by a witness upon whose knowledge and veracity it is safe to rely.

If the witness to whose word the assent is given be invested with nothing more than human authority, then Faith also will not rise above human or natural Faith. Whereas, if the witness to whose word adherence is given be clothed with divine authority, then Faith also will be supernatural and divine. And, let us observe, that—the formal motive of Faith in either case being not the evidency of the proposition enunciated, but the authority of the witness who propounds it,—it follows that the character of the assent given will in each case be determined not by the evident truth of the proposition in itself, but by the authority attached to the character of the witness. If the witness be merely human, the assent will in most cases be conditional and revocable; if divine, it will be always absolute and irrevocable.

Respecting the difference between human and divine Faith, hear what Cardinal Newman says: "Divine Faith," writes his Eminence, "is assenting to a doctrine as true, because God says it is true, Who cannot lie. And further than this; since God says it is true, not with His own voice, but by the voice of His messengers, it is assenting to what man says, not simply viewed as a man, but to what he is commissioned to declare, as a messenger, prophet, or ambassador from God. In the ordinary course of this world, we account things true, either because we see them, or because we can perceive that they follow and are deducible from what we do see; that is, we gain truth by sight or by reason, not by faith. You will say, indeed, that we accept a number of things which we cannot prove or see on the word of others. Certainly; but then we accept what they say, only as the word of man; and we have not commonly that absolute and unreserved confidence in them, which nothing can shake. We know that man is open to mistake, and we are always glad to find some confirmation of what he says, from other quarters, in any important

matter: or we receive his information with negligence and unconcern, as something of little consequence, as a matter of opinion, or, if we act upon it, it is as a matter of prudence, thinking it best and safest to do so. We take his word for what it is worth, and we use it either according to our necessity, or its probability. We keep the decision in our own hands, and reserve to ourselves the right of reopening the question whenever we please. This is very different from divine Faith: he who believes that God is true, and that this is His word, which He has committed to man, has no doubt at all. He is as certain that the doctrine taught is true, as that God is true; and he is certain *because* God is true, *because* God has spoken, not because he sees its truth, or can prove its truth. That is, Faith has two peculiarities; it is most certain, decided, positive, and immovable in its assent; and it gives this assent, not because it sees with eye, or sees with reason, but because it receives the tidings from one that comes from God."

From what you have now heard, you will easily understand why it is that the assent given upon the sole authority of man to unrevealed truth is not usually absolute and final; and why, on the other hand, it is, that the assent given upon the authority of God, using man as His ambassador, is absolute and irrevocable. Man is liable to deceive and be deceived, not so God.

And here, at this stage of our inquiry into the reasonableness of Faith, it may not be uninteresting to be reminded of the process by which the mind of man arrives at an act of Faith. Take, for instance, a convert to the Catholic Church. By what process does he come to believe that this is the Church set up by God, and is the only one that can give salvation to his soul? Well, I suppose he will start by examining the Church's credentials; he weighs what are called "the motives of credibility." But supposing that having investigated the Church's claims, he becomes satisfied that she and she alone is the true Church, what is it that then prevails upon him to join her

communion ? What persuades him to act on his conviction, and to say: "Credo," "I believe?" Certainly, not the bare fact that the arguments in her favour are cogent and convincing: for, did he so will it, he might quarrel with the conclusion, or suspend his judgment, or invite difficulties, or entertain doubts, or complain that, clear though their proofs are, they are not clearer still. The question, then, I want to have answered, is this:—What superhuman power is it that then comes to his rescue, when, after having met with many obstacles on the way, he finds himself standing before the gates of the Temple of Faith, halting between conviction and persuasion ? What is the name of that magic power which seems to take him by the hand, and to enable him, with the word upon his lips, "Credo," "I *do* believe," to cross the threshold, and to enter the Church ?

I will tell you the name of the magic power which comes to his assistance, and enables him to believe. It is the grace of God. "To believe," says St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, "is an act of the understanding adhering to divine truth by command of the will, which is moved by the grace of God."

With this explanation before us, it is clear that God, as well as man, takes part in every act of Faith; and that Faith is not the natural outcome of a mere process of reasoning, but the supernatural result of man's co-operation with the grace of God. Consequently, before the neophyte can bring his mind to elicit an act of Faith —say in the Catholic Church—something over and above the mere conviction of the Church's royal descent and imperial power is needed for the mind. It must be enlightened by grace; and then the will, informed and fortified by grace, must exert its ruling power over man, and command the understanding to give its assent and to swear eternal fealty to the truth revealed. "In order that an act of Faith be duly elicited," says Cardinal Franzelin, "it is absolutely necessary that divine grace should enlighten the understanding, and excite and strengthen the will." This, then, we must

carefully bear in mind, that the understanding, enlightened by grace, can then only elicit an act of Faith when it is positively moved to do so by the will under the influence of grace. Accordingly, the moral cause of every act of Faith is the will, and hence St. Augustine says: *Fides consistit in credentium voluntate*: Faith depends upon the will of those who believe. In other words, Faith is in the understanding as its immediate subject and eliciting principle, but in the will, as its moral as well as its efficient cause. The merit of Faith consists in *firmly* but *freely* accepting, in obedience to God's word, what we cannot ourselves conclusively prove.

If, then, I am asked how it comes to pass that one man finds it quite easy to believe, and another quite impossible, I reply by asking: "How does it happen that one man feels it easy, and another difficult, to obey?" The cause of the difficulty or impossibility is to be traced in both instances to man's will. In neither case can God command what is impossible; in either case—in believing as in obeying—the difficulty can be overcome by willing, and praying for the necessary grace. Of course, without God's assisting grace, nothing in the supernatural order can be achieved by us. We have it from His own gracious lips: "Without Me, you can do nothing;" but. given that divine help and strength, what is there a man cannot do? Do not imagine that the expression: "I can do all things in Him that strengthens me," has been monopolised by St. Paul. It is the right of every man, no matter what his native weakness, to reproduce it, and with equal certainty of its being true in his individual case. Observe: I do not pretend to say that there are no intellectual difficulties in believing or in obeying: presently, we shall see there are plenty. It would be strange, indeed, if there were none such, in a communion which claims the submission of man to a teaching that embraces all spiritual and moral truth. But these difficulties do not commonly avail with such as have a real desire to know the truth, and to obey God's laws, and

who have honestly and faithfully weighed the notes and evidences of the Church. The difficulties which rise up before minds of this sort, and which to them appear impossible to overcome, are in reality *moral* difficulties which have their root in a disordered will; at least, in a will, which, whatever its other excellences, is lacking in that confiding, clinging, child-like docility to the word of God which is the very condition of the grant of the gift of Faith. Never had the world so much need, as now, of studying the full import of the words: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of God." Yes: let us be men with men, but with our Father, God, we must ever be as children, ready to listen, to learn, to believe, and to obey.

These words will, I fear, give pain to some of my friends who are as yet outside the Church; for among them are those who are persuaded that their one wish in life is to do God's will. Like St. Peter, they protest that they are ready to lay down their very lives for Him. Yet wait a little. When, like Peter's, this confident assertion is put to the test, when God points out to them, in some moment of prayer, what they must suffer for His Name's sake, if they would receive that grandest gift out of heaven—the gift of Faith—are they not wont to grow sad, to be heavy, and to fear? Does there not rise almost unbidden to their lips the prayer: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me? I cannot drink it, it is too full, too bitter. The sacrifice asked of me is too costly; I cannot ignore the past; I cannot break with my surroundings; I cannot begin my life again! I am too poor, or too weak, or too busy, or too old. If I were alone in the world, ah! then I could drink the chalice to the dregs; but there is my wife, there are my children. O if it be possible, let it all pass from me! O send me Thy angel of comfort, to strengthen me with Thy grace, to breathe into my soul Thy love, and let all things be as they were before?" Fatal mistake, for men to lay down the conditions upon which they will serve God! O miserable delusion of men to fancy they are pleasing Him, where they are

only pleasing themselves! Alas for the cowardice of the human heart, which entices away the will from struggling with the flesh in prayer, after the pattern of Gethsemani, till the blessed words, "Not my will but Thine be done," leap from the heart to the lips, and resignation, peace, joy, and strength enter in and take possession of the soul! It was because Peter did not struggle in prayer with temptation that he came, in spite of his protestations, to deny his Master, for Whom he had protested he was ready to die; and it is to be feared that there are many men and women in England at this day who, in spite of their natural fondness for our Lord's character, beauty and holiness, may never come to acknowledge Him, just as Peter came to deny Him, unless they continue in prayer to struggle for light, not only to know Him, but to know His law, His personal will; and for grace not only to love Him, but to love and obey His Church. Yes, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," and it is the flesh, and not the reason, the things of the flesh and not the things of the spirit, which are detaining them where they are—in the outer darkness, where the light of Faith is neither seen nor understood. "Watch," then, "and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Listen to what St. Augustine has to say upon this point. In his "Confessions," he tells us that it was not his reason that kept him back from joining the Catholic Church, but his will that would not struggle with temptation, nor implore the grace and courage he needed from God.

"Nor had I any excuse, such as I formerly pretended to when I delayed to forsake the world to serve Thee, as not having yet certainly discovered the truth: for now I was indeed certain of the truth, and yet my will was still fettered, and refused to fight under Thy banner: being as much afraid of being disengaged from all impediments as I ought to have feared being entangled in them. The burden of the world, as is the case in sleep, pleasingly kept me down; and the thoughts that prompted me to arise to Thee were but like the

struggling of such as would awake, yet are still overcome with drowsiness and fall back into their former slumber. And as there is no man who would always sleep, but everyone's sound judgment chooses to be awake, yet oftentimes he delays to shake off sleep, while the weight of indolence benumbs his limbs, and he prefers to entertain it, though his reason tells him it is wrong, it being now high time to get up: so was it with me. For I was convinced that it was better for me to give myself up to Thy love than to yield to my own desires: but though I was pleasurably convinced by the one, I was still strongly affected and captivated by the other; I had nothing now to answer to Thee, when Thou didst say to me: 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.' And when on every side Thou showedst me that Thou didst speak the truth, I had nothing at all to reply, being now convinced by the truth, except some lazy, indolent and drowsy words, 'presently,' 'by and by,' 'stay a little;' but that 'presently' did not come presently, and this 'stay a little' ran out to a long time. In vain did I delight in Thy law according to my inward man, while another law in my members resisted that law of my mind, and led me captive to the law of sin which was in my members. For the law of sin is the force of habit, with which the mind is dragged along and held against its will, yet by its deserving, because it willingly fell into it. Who, then, should deliver me, wretched man that I was, from the body of that death, but Thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord?"

In this passage, St. Augustine professes to give the true account of what it was that kept him from following the example of his newly-converted friend Victorinus, and being, like him, admitted into the Catholic Church. Would that others could have the courage to look into themselves, and recognise the true reason which holds them where they are. Observe, "God commands nothing that is impossible."

I must repeat it, the will is at the root of their

obstacles to Faith. Surely, "he who runs may read" the truth, that there cannot really be opposition between truth and truth, though they be truths belonging to orders so different from each other as the Natural and Supernatural. No:—as we shall presently see more clearly still, it is not the opposition between Faith and reason that is the cause of the unbelief, but the opposition between Grace and will. In other words, which I now repeat, men do not believe for the same reason that they do not obey. And they do not obey because they have not the *wish*, or rather, the *will*, to obey. Their will is languid or indolent, or indifferent, insincere, or inordinate. *Vult et non vult piger:* "the slothful man willeth and willeth not." Consequently, my advice to one, who, having become convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church, cannot see his way to submitting to them, and entering, would be much the same as yours would be to a friend who should say to you that he could not keep some commandment of the moral law. Your advice, I imagine, would be this: you would say: You *must* keep the commandment; there is no way out of it. And if you say you cannot, you must remember that obedience is the consequence of the *will* to obey. Your will is weak: pray for grace: pray humbly, pray earnestly, pray constantly, and you will one day make the wonderful discovery that what seemed impossible, so long as God's grace was wanting, is now made easy by the assistance of that grace. In like manner should I speak to him who argued about the impossibility of submitting to Faith. I should say: But you *must* submit to it; it is a commandment pressing quite as close upon you as those of the Decalogue. Do you not know that Faith is the consequence of the *will* to believe? It is your will that is at fault, you must pray humbly, earnestly, constantly for the grace to will to believe, and if you continue to do so, sooner or later you will be delightedly surprised to find that not only you wish to believe, but that you do in fact believe. Note well: "the *just* man *lives* by Faith."

This then ever bear in mind, that Faith is not a

matter of strict mathematical demonstration, but a supernatural virtue by which we unhesitatingly accept whatever God has revealed, because He has revealed it Who cannot err. It is a virtue, because there is merit in believing; it is a supernatural virtue, and consequently the free gift of God; and it is a theological virtue, because its immediate object is God, and its formal motive a divine perfection, the infinite veracity of God. If Faith made demands upon the intellect only, if it were the result of a mere process of reasoning, there would be no more merit in accepting the truths of revelation than there is in arriving at the conclusion of a proposition in Euclid. No man considers he is doing anything meritorious in assenting to a demonstrated proposition: but in assenting to an evidently credible proposition of Faith there is merit, because it is a test of the moral character of a man's whole being, as well as the make and temper of his mental capacity. The reason why our Lord makes so much of Faith is precisely this: because it is the unerring test of our good will and docility. For the same reason St. Paul in his Epistles writes at such length about the necessity of Faith, because as it is the first of virtues, so it is the parent of them all. "*Nulla est vera virtus*," writes St. Thomas, "*sine fide*"—there is no true virtue without faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "It is the substance of things hoped for, and the argument of things that appear not."

And now, having told you what Faith is, and how men come to believe, we will let our adversaries speak, and tell you how it is (so they say) they *do not* come to believe.

They say, then, they cannot believe in the truths of revelation, because to believe, on the word of another, what we cannot ourselves prove, is to put reason in fetters—it is mental slavery. This objection against Faith, which in one form or another is so often made to do duty against Catholic Doctrine, may sound plausible at first, but I undertake to show it is very shallow, and as cowardly as it is unfair.

In the first place, ought not a moment's reflection to suggest to our adversaries this question? If it is so very unreasonable to submit to the word of authority, how comes it that hundreds of millions of our fellow-beings, quite as intellectually gifted as we are, and quite as devoted to truth and liberty, find no such opposition between Faith and reason as we fancy we have discovered? Surely these Rationalists who pride themselves on their unbelief, can scarcely delude themselves into imagining that they have the monopoly of reason and freedom. They can hardly venture to persuade themselves that their forefathers, who formed their language, framed their laws, founded their universities, faced their enemies and fought their battles, were of so mean an intellectual make, that for more than a thousand years they bowed before the tyrannical rule of Faith, and meekly submitted to have its fetters placed upon their reason?

Do not tell me that lovers of freedom, such as they, who wrested from a despotic king the Magna Charta, that great charter of our liberties, who established trial by jury, who created our representative system, who were up and ready at Poictiers, Harfleur, Crecy, and Agincourt to defend our real or imagined rights, were made of such poor stuff that they were ready, on the offer of a bribe, to barter away freedom for slavery! To these intellectual giants who have made the stupendous discovery that submission to authority in matters of religion is the annihilation of reason and the destruction of freedom, I should like to put one question. I would fain ask them how, if this be so, do they save their own reason and freedom from meeting with a similar fate? For I charge them, one and all, with doing themselves precisely what they condemn so scornfully in others. From the cradle to the grave, are they not being anxiously guided throughout their secular life by the leading strings of authority? I put it to them. When they were yet children, was it not on the authority of their mother's word that they believed some things were good for them and others

would do them harm; that one line of conduct was right and another wrong? And when they grew to be of an age to leave the nursery and go to school, was it not still on the word of authority that they learned there was a right and a wrong way of parsing their sentences or construing the author set before them? Was it not to the authority of their teacher that they looked for the truth of all the multitude of miscellaneous facts which came before them in the course of their studies? And did they innovate upon this time-honoured practice, when from school they passed on to the university? Nay, I will ask them further: does the period in life *ever* arrive, when they can afford to fling away the crutches lent them by authority, and walk by their own strength? When they are sick, is it their practice to dictate to the physician in attendance upon them the line of treatment he must prescribe in their case; or do they leave themselves to be guided by his authority? If they find themselves entangled in a law-suit, do they quarrel with their solicitor because they cannot understand all the intricacies of the law; or do they submit to be ruled by his judgment? Such instances might be multiplied; but surely these are enough to make it clear, that if Catholics are to be condemned as nothing better than slaves because they elect to be guided in their spiritual life by authority, then worldly men are under the same condemnation for submitting to be led by authority in their secular lives.

They may traverse the assertion, and deny that they are so led. Let me then quote in support of the charge what Mr. Gladstone has to say upon this point. He says: "The fact to which we ought all to be alive, but for the most part are not, is that the whole human family, and the best and the highest races of it, and the best and highest minds of those races, are to a great extent upon the crutches which authority has lent them."

If, then, the majority of the human race,—the working class, the middle class, as well as the professional class, are so hard pressed in the race of life, that they

must be satisfied with book-knowledge in place of source-knowledge, and with what accredited authorities say or write, or are reported to say or write, upon special subjects, if they would have knowledge of these matters, surely it is nothing less than mockery to tell these same men that they are slaves, if in the more difficult subject of religion they accept any point of doctrine which they have not themselves proved by processes of conclusive reasoning. "Inquiry is a way to Truth, and Authority is a way to Truth—identical in aim diverse in means." What say our objectors to this? They say: "Ah, but your religion is involved in mystery; and with mystery, as men of light and leading, we refuse to have anything to do." Faith, then, it seems, must be thrust aside and sent to the wall, because it involves mystery. If so, upon what plea, I ask, do they retain the sciences in their service? For by scientific men I am told that, as Religion without mystery is absurd, so science without mystery is unknown. And, as a matter of fact, can these paragons of learning, who are so sweeping in their condemnation of men of Faith, tell me what they themselves are able to know about the ultimate component parts of matter? Or can they give me any reliable information about the origin, nature, or cause, say of gravitation, magnetism, or electricity? Or have they as yet unravelled that mysterious something we call life? Or can they explain why it is that a human being unconsciously inhales and exhales breath 23,000 times a day, or why the heart goes on beating and never breaks down like other engines, for a whole life time? Or why there are more than 800,000,000 of air cells in a pair of lungs? Or why some of the plants called fungi are so small that 200,000,000, of them, set side by side, would not cover one square inch of ground; and yet that each of them possesses an inherent vitality which under favourable circumstances will burst into life and reproduce the parent plant? To these questions the leaders of modern thought and science can give no answer. What then are achievements of

science, and whither has the march of time brought them? What have you gained by all your toil in the laboratory, dissecting-room, and observatory, with your telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, test tubes and scalpels? In the words of Moignô I will answer for you: "*La multiplication des inconnues et des mystères.*" You have but added to the catalogue of mysteries which surround you. For our forefathers, the material world was a quadruple mystery made up of four elements—earth, water, air, fire. For us, it is a mystery involving not four but sixty-four other mysteries; a mystery changing what was the simple mystery of water into the complex mystery of hydrogen and oxygen, converting what was known as air into the mysteries of nitrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, ammonia, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, hydrochloric acid, carbonic oxyde, sulphurous and sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and most probably iodine. With an array of mysteries such as these facing the rationalist, what possible right has he to inveigh against the mysteries of religion? Would it not be more candid, more generous, in him to acknowledge, with Leibnitz: "What is contrary to mysteries in us is not reason or natural light: it is corruption, it is error, it is prejudice, it is darkness." "In science," wrote Jules Simon, "as often as we make a step forward, we find an abyss; it is only weak minds that believe they can explain all and understand all." "My life," said Bayle, "is passed at the bottom of an abyss, in the midst of mysteries." And is it not from the lips of a scientific man that has been forced the declaration that "from the region of disorderly mystery, which is the domain of ignorance, another vast province has been added to science, the region of orderly mystery?" "Time," "Space," "Causation," "Matter," "Spirit," "Light," "Sound," "Ether"—behold here some samples of your orderly mysteries!

There is an axiom of the schools which says: *Qui nimium probat, nihil probat:* "he who proves too much, proves nothing." I recommend our adversaries to emblazon this motto upon the walls of

their lecture halls; it might serve to remind them to proceed cautiously in their assertions against the reasonableness of Faith. Perhaps it might even suggest to them the propriety of consulting some authority—say St. Thomas of Aquin—as to what men of faith have to say for themselves about the truths they hold so tenaciously. Our scientists might then find that St. Thomas has this to say in the first instance, that infidelity as well as faith is in the understanding in its immediate subject, but in the will as in its first mover; that it is the contemptuousness of the will which causes the dissent of the understanding, and that in this dissent it is that infidelity essentially consists. Hence the cause of infidelity is in the will, although infidelity itself is in the understanding. Infidelity having its cause in the will, is, like Faith, a free act. Therefore, it is imputable. Faith is a virtue, and infidelity a vice. Yes: unbelief now, as always, is the outcome of some vice of character. But we must remember that vice is not always gross. It may be very subtle and refined in its character, and be allied with many most estimable natural virtues. The vice from which unbelief issues is always pride, intellectual pride—and this vice is the fatal barrier which hinders Faith from making its way in the soul. "Pride is the beginning of all sin;" and "the beginning of the pride of man is, to fall off from God," *i.e.*, Apostasy. The proper attitude of man towards God is that of intense humility. It is not for him to lay down conditions to God, without the fulfilment of which he will not submit himself to divine teaching. He ought, on the contrary, even if God to him is as yet only a hypothetical God, to be ever saying in his heart: "O, God, I accept Thy conditions; only make Thyself known to me, by such evidences as in Thy estimation are sufficient, and dispose my mind and heart to rest upon them with satisfaction and contentment. *Domine, quid vis me facere?* "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" *Domine ut videam:* "Lord, that I may see." When this disposition is joined with equally intense

earnestness to know the Truth, then the light of Faith, sooner or later, will shed abroad its beams within his soul, and become "a lamp to his feet and light to his paths."

I think we may now say that we have satisfied our own minds, at least, that in taking the authority of Faith for our guide in religion, we are no more putting fetters on our reason than the rest of men, who claim to be mentally free; that in acting as we do, we are not out of joint but in harmony with all around us. In a word, if we believe in a personal God at all, we are fully justified in concluding that as He has provided us, upon our entrance into this world, with masters to teach and guide us through the days of our infancy and youth, with physicians to treat and heal us when sick, with lawyers to advise and help us when perplexed, with scientists to instruct and warn us when inquisitive, so, too, that He has provided, no less, for the wants of our souls. We are justified in concluding that He has made ready for us teachers to guide us through the days of our spiritual life, physicians to cure us of our spiritual sickness, moralists to solve our difficulties and doubts, directors to guide us on the narrow way to life, and to allay our scruples and our fears. Men who neglect the authoritative voice of their teachers, who give no heed to the advice of their physicians, who are deaf to the warnings of science, come in the end to fill our hospitals, crowd our gaols, or they sicken and die prematurely from one disease or another, to which they might have been strangers had they been less headstrong, less self-willed, more prudent and docile. In like manner, men who neglect the warnings of religion, who despise the admonitions and teachings of faith, come at last to fall a prey to sicknesses from which there is no cure, and to fill a prison from which there is no egress; they sicken and die from the effects of a moral disease to which they, too, might have been strangers had they been less proud and self-willed, and more humble and docile. The fault is their own. "You *will not* come to Me," said our Lord to the Jews who neglected His

warnings and His teachings. Why did they hold aloof? Because they "love darkness rather than light, for their works are evil." "Thou hast appointed darkness, and it is night; in it shall all the beasts of the woods go about."

We have thus satisfied ourselves that Faith, rightly understood, can never quarrel with reason, and that there are *a priori* reasons for coming to the conclusion that Faith was meant by God not to be a sentinel arresting the march of reason, but a divine guide leading it onwards and upwards, to a land where no more shall we "see through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face." Yes, "now we know in part, and prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away" "The God of Gods shall be seen in Sion;" we shall look upon the face of Him Whom we had pierced; we shall gaze upon the face of the Triune God, and shall be pierced through and through, like a glittering gem of loveliness, with the life, the light, and the love of the living and loving God. We shall partake of His nature—of His glory there, as of His grace here—of the eternity of His duration, of the spotlessness of His sanctity, of the tenderness of His mercy, of the might of His power, of the wealth of His knowledge, of the charms of His beauty, of the bliss of His love for ever and for ever—for there, in Heaven, "the former things are passed away."

It now only remains for us to inquire what the voice of history has to say about Faith. What part has Faith played in the history of the human Family? Well, when I interrogate history, it tells me that, under the Old Dispensation, the followers of Monotheism took the word of the patriarchs and prophets, who from time to time, rose up amongst them, to be the authoritative voice of the living God. They followed it: and in so doing were persuaded they were obeying the Divine Will. I contemplate the faith and obedience of Noe, who during many years toiled at the Ark of Divine command in the presence of infidel scoffers. I find recorded the faith that led Abraham out from country and kindred into a

land which he knew not. I then arrive at the distinct Mosaic revelation. There I find multiplied obediences, attending every department of the faithful Israelite's existence, at the guidance and bidding of a priesthood representing the Deity. I find penalties, even to death, denounced upon "those who believed not," and therefore would not obey. The earth, which our men of science would have obedient only to material cosmic laws, opens her mouth opportunely, to swallow up the unbeliever and the rebel against God's appointed teachers and vicegerents. The astronomic laws seem to be reversed, that daylight may be lengthened for the defeat and slaughter of infidel hosts.

And when the Old Dispensation made way for the New, and Jesus of Nazareth, Who by the fulfilment of prophecy and the seal of His miracles proved He was Divine as well as human, when He came down and dwelt among us, did He innovate upon this system established for the acquisition of religious truths? Did the Son of Man at any time or anywhere give out: "Accept nothing which you cannot yourselves prove; believe nothing which transcends your powers of imagination; hold nothing which involves mystery?" Did He declare that His followers were to be distinguished from such as had gone before, by substituting private judgment for the judgment of those who claimed to teach in His Name and with His voice? The very reverse. Emphatically, peremptorily, uniformly, He commissioned His ambassadors, promising to be with them by His power and grace till time was swallowed up in eternity. He bade them teach all religious truth, to teach the nations, to teach every creature, and to make disciples of all. His Church was to be composed of two parts, each responding to the other, each the complement of the other—the Church teaching and the Church taught. His representatives were to be teachers, like Himself, "with authority, and not as the Scribes;" not theorists, nor "guessers at truth," but witnesses, ministers, ambassadors, clothed with His authority, speaking with His voice: "As the Father has

sent Me, so I send you." "Ye shall be My witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth," "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." "And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." As He commissioned some to teach, He commanded others to learn. Nay, He went further. He bade His witnesses to regard such as would not hear the Church, in the light of heathens and publicans. And yet more: against those who obstinately refused to receive and hear His witnesses, our Lord pronounced an awful condemnation: "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words: going forth out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet." Then He added those words which have echoed through the ages: "Amen, I say to you it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." Surely, if there is any meaning in the words at all, if language is the expression of thought and the symbol of will, no one who believes in the Bible can say that the Son of Man has left the acceptance of authority in matters of religion an open question. On the contrary, He has made it a test, and an unerring test, of discipleship, and the very condition of man's escape from the fate of those who were destroyed in the wicked cities of the plain. The words are unmistakable, the language emphatic, the tone imperative. And in this sense have they always been understood by the Church. St. Paul, for example, in none of his Epistles bases his teachings on processes of reasoning. On the contrary, he distinctly declares: "To us God hath revealed them by His Spirit. For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him? So the things also that are of God no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit that is of God: that we may know the things that are given us from God. Which things also we speak, not in the learned words of human wisdom, but in the doctrine of the Spirit."

No; "the Apostles," as Cardinal Newman observes, "did not rest their cause on argument; they did not rely on eloquence, wisdom, or reputation, they did not resolve Faith into sight and reason; they contrasted it with both, and bade their hearers believe, sometimes in spite, sometimes in default, sometimes in aid, of sight and reason. They came as commissioned from Him 'Whom they [their hearers] ignorantly worshipped,' and declared that mankind was a guilty and outcast race; that sin was misery; that the world was a snare, that life was a shadow; that God was everlasting, and that His law was holy and true, and its sanction certain and terrible; that He also was all-merciful; that He had appointed a Mediator between Him and them, Who had removed all obstacles, and was desirous to restore them; and that He had sent themselves to explain how. They said that that Mediator had come and gone; but had left behind Him what was to be His representative till the end of all things, His mystical body, the Church, in joining which lay the salvation of the world."

Even such words as I have uttered ought to satisfy our adversaries that in submitting to the authority of Faith in matters of religion, Catholics are not necessarily more slavish, or childish, or irrational than the rest of the human family; that in concluding from their belief in a Personal God, from the immortality of the soul, and a life hereafter in the sight of God, to the necessity of some such spiritual guidance being provided for them, they are but extending to the spiritual world a law which is recognised to exist in the natural; and that in submitting, by virtue of their belief in the Divinity of Christ and the Inspiration of the Scriptures, to the word of the Catholic Church as the voice of God, they are but doing that which conscience no less than reason points out to be their bounden duty as logically-minded Christian men. Indeed it is hard to discover any *locus standi* between a revealed religion and no religion at all; nor can one imagine what may be that process of reasoning by which a man contrives to justify himself in the extremely perilous

experiment of balancing himself equidistant between Catholicity and infidelity. Between these two, what is there but a well-worn, well-polished inclined plane, upon which he who is not struggling upwards must be gliding downwards? Unless he be possessed of quite exceptional powers as a mental acrobat, he shall hardly find a standpoint between them. How shall he brave such imminent risk to the life of his soul? Nor am I alone in this view of his situation. Cardinal Newman, whom Mr. Gladstone speaks of as "one of the world's greatest minds," has thus recorded of himself: "I came to the conclusion that there was no medium in true philosophy between atheism and catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind under these circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either one or the other; and I hold this still: I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in One God." In this remarkable passage you have the candid confession of "one of the world's greatest minds," that he can discover no medium between the Catholic religion and no religion at all. He has embraced the Catholic Faith, and with what result? Does the Cardinal feel his great intellect to be in fetters, or has he discovered that he exchanged freedom for slavery, or faith for reason? Hear him speak again: "From the day I became a Catholic," he writes in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, "now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has the adoption of sons, and the glory and the covenant, and the promises, and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the excellence of individuals in it, has, as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which in my conscience I felt to be divine. Never for a moment have I wished myself back; never have I ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress, or in any kind of religious trouble."

I might cite other authorities by hundreds in confirmation of the Cardinal's words, but I will not detain you. There is however one, just one more, whose testimony I will seek, and he is one who tried the *via media*. He was, if I may say so, like a traveller who, beguiled away from the beaten track along a treacherous coast-line, finds himself suddenly clinging instinctively to some chance ledge of a steep and slippery cliff. Below, he could hear the multitudinous noise of waters; and, as he watched the long line of waves sweeping and breaking with savage glee against the granite cliff, he thought to himself: "There is needed no assault of demon from the awful deep to make it possible for me to be plunged at any moment into that yawning fathomless abyss." But as he looked upwards to the city seated on the hill, and drank in the music of its vesper bells, he thought to himself: "Ah me! besides a mighty will and a steady brain, aid must come to me from above, if ever I am to be safely landed in that 'City of Peace.'" That supernatural aid did come; the struggling man seized it, and was drawn out of the very jaws of death, and safely landed in the Catholic Church. And, now, what has this voice from beyond the Atlantic to say about his experience of the years he has passed as a child of the Catholic Church? I will give you his own words: "I have been, during thirteen years of my Catholic life, constantly engaged in the study of the Church, and her doctrine, and especially in relation to philosophy and natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under those points of view which are most odious to my non-Catholic countryman, and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never, in a single instance, found a single article, dogma, proposition, or definition of Faith which embarassed me as a logician, and which I could, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt myself restrained, or

found myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom, which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic." After such testimony, who will not say: "It is worth a man's while to storm Heaven and batter at its Gates for the gift of Divine Faith?"

To Protestants generally, dissatisfied with an institution concerning which a modern writer has said: "not only has experience proved the practical incoherency of its superstructure, but criticism has washed away like sand every vestige of its supernatural foundation," I earnestly recommend the careful perusal of these words of Cardinal Newman and Dr. Brownson. To others, still lower down the inclined plane, I would say: "If, from bitter experience, you have come to learn that something more and better than free schools, free museums, free lectures, free entertainments, free land, and free love together with freedom of thought, and of speech, and of writing, and of doing, is needed to satisfy the mind's hunger for truth, and to slake the heart's thirst for happiness; and if upon trial you have found that the religion of Humanity and Science is powerless to restrain evil passion, and to assuage wearing sorrow, then in mercy to yourselves I ask you to try what the Christian religion can do for your restless souls. And as you cast about in search of the most consistent form of Christianity, I ask you to choose the principle laid down by that very intelligent statesman, Sir George Cornwall Lewis: 'As a rule, the professors of any science are trustworthy in proportion as the points of agreement among them are numerous and important, and the points of difference few and unimportant.'"

Apply this general principle to the science of religion. Take your mental balance and place in one scale of it the 71 millions of Protestants, along with their 183 different sects, and ascertain, if you can, in what points of doctrine they agree with one another, and in what points they mutually differ. Next take the other scale and place in it the 250 millions of Catholics alive at this very moment on earth. Find out in what

points of doctrine *they* agree with one another, and in what points they, too, differ. Having thus fairly instituted a comparison between the Faith in the one scale, and the so-called Faith in the other, you will of necessity arrive at a conclusion. You will say: As we find by experience that the points of agreement among Protestants are few, and the points of difference are numerous and important, whereas the points of agreement among Catholics are numerous and important, and the points of difference among them are few and unimportant we have no alternative but to turn our backs now and for ever upon the so-called National Religion and embrace once and for ever the grand old Tradition of the world-wide Church the Catholic Faith.

We are all of us, by nature, and in the circumstances in which we find ourselves here below, like blind men in an unknown region. We are in urgent need of a guide in whose hand we may safely place our own, with confidence that we shall not be misled; a guide that will safely conduct us to a land where Faith shall pass into vision, and Hope be more than realized in the possession of God, in "the city of perfect beauty," in "the kingdom of perpetual peace."

When, out of the many guides who press their services upon us, we make choice of the Catholic Church, we are but choosing one who, while she claims to be the only guide that knows the way to the "Better Land" has made good that claim by the safe conduct of souls, "of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues," to its golden gates for more than eighteen hundred years.

"Be ye more staid, O Christians! Not like feathers, by each wind removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves in every water. Either Testament, the Old or New, is yours; and for your Guide the Shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice to save you."—(Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto v.)

GEOGRAPHICAL CATHOLICISM.

I was once talking to an English Franciscan about our separated brethren, and the friar observed: "With regard to Anglicans, have you ever noticed that they cannot define?"

This set me a thinking. One of the "difficulties of Catholics" in their friendly disputations with High Church people, is to find out exactly the position of High Anglicans. The Low Church people are easily understood: they are Protestants, pure and simple. The wonder is, that they contentedly remain in communion with those who denounce such Protestantism, just as the fact that the High Anglicans contentedly remain in communion with those whom they proclaim to be, and who proclaim themselves to be, Protestants, is an equal, or even a greater, marvel.

We Catholics can state our own position easily, and it is, at least, intelligible and recognized. No one of any other communion makes any mistake about *us*. Christians separated from us may dislike us, or fear us, or laugh at us, or consider us to be lost sheep, but they know quite well our place as regards "all denomina-

tions." "He is a Catholic, don't you know?" That is enough. No one pretends to mistake the person indicated for an Anglican, or an Irvingite, or a Greek Christian; any more than one conceives the "Most Catholic Majesty" of Spain to be some one not in communion with Rome, or fancies that a "Catholic University" in Dublin is an institution belonging to the Disestablished Church of Ireland.

But it is exceedingly difficult to prevail upon High Churchmen to define, clearly and intelligibly, *their* position. I think it is "A Romish Recusant" who says, in his *Life of Archbishop Laud*, that the Church of England does not know what she is, or what she wants. Well, we know what she is *not:* she has no sisters, and no relations: she is in communion with nothing and nobody: Ritualists assert that she is a Visible Body, but if so, she is a Visible Body without a Visible Head, and a Visible Body without a Visible Head is, as Dr. F. G. Lee once put it, "an abortion, or a corpse."

Let us take, as an illustration, the "Branch Theory" of Churches. This is still held by many Anglicans, but no one can satisfactorily explain it. It is Geographical, of course, and also Episcopal. That is, it is artfully designed to exclude all non-episcopal bodies, but at the same time, it fails to define the position, or give any account of some even episcopal communities. Thus, do Anglicans include, or exclude, as "Branches" of the Church, the Jansenists, or the Old Catholics, or the separated Eastern sects, or the Scandinavian Churches? If they include the Oriental separated communions, they should bear in mind that the Greek Church—the "unchanging East"—will certainly not

do so: and as regards the Scandinavian Churches here, as usual, Anglicans are divided.

Dr. Littledale absolutely rejected the claims of the Scandinavians to valid orders: on the other hand, Bishop Gray, of Capetown, when he excommunicated Dr. Colenso, formally notified the fact to the Archbishop of Upsala, thereby recognizing that prelate's position. When Anglicans differ, who is to decide?

The Geographical Branch Theory presents another difficulty. We have got the Branches. Well, where is the Trunk? It must be somewhere. If all communions "which claim for themselves the inheritance of the priesthood," to quote the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, are branches of the tree—where is the tree? Every flower has a stem. Every tree has a trunk. Apart from the stem or the trunk, the foliage and branches wither and die. Of course this is neither a new difficulty, nor a fresh question. It is asked again because hitherto Catholics have paused, and seem likely to pause, for a reply.

But in spite of sundry changes of front on the part of our Anglican friends the Branch Theory, otherwise Territorial Schism, otherwise Geographical Catholicism, still holds the field. And the curious result is this. That in certain parts of the globe a certain body is the Church of Christ, and that this same body is, in other parts of the globe, *not* the Church of Christ, but an intrusive body. Hence, that is the "Romish Schism" in this country, which is, *mirabile dictu!* the Catholic Church in, say, Austria. Some years ago "A Ritualist" attempted to define the Anglican Geographical position as follows: "We advise people not to frequent Roman chapels at home in England, although they

may do so abroad. [May they indeed? What do Low Church people say to this insidious permission?] People who know nothing of the question . . . . say, 'If it is right to go into Roman Catholic churches abroad it must, of course, be equally right to do so at home. If she is the same Church here *and* there, it must be right to worship in her chapels in all countries, if in one.'" Possibly I know nothing of the question, but, for the life of me, I can see no flaw in this very simple argument; our friend does, however, and explains. "We believe there is but One Church, not two Churches; well, if we go to France we shall find the Church, dioceses, bishops, priests, everything, in short, telling us that the Church is in possession [and pray by what authority? Exactly the same authority which sent Wiseman and Manning and Vaughan to Westminster], and in full working order, and, if we could, we would communicate at her altars [what is this? Receive 'half-communion?' a 'mutilated sacrament?' encourage the 'withdrawal of the cup from the laity?' What a falling off from Anglican principles is here!] but we are not allowed. We are allowed to enter the Roman churches to worship [what would Bishop Ryle say to this?]" . . . . And here the writer draws the line. In France, he assures us (and of course in Italy, Spain, Belgium, &c.), the Pope's bishops, priests, and people are "in possession," and "in full working order," and are, consequently, all right. In England the very same people, under the same spiritual government, acknowledging the same ecclesiastical authority, in full communion with French, Italian, Spanish, or Belgian Catholics, are—all wrong! One is reminded of the saying of a profane Broad Churchman, to the

effect that Ritualists should add to the other attributes of Almighty God, a keen sense of the ridiculous.

The same question is treated, from a somewhat different point of view, by an able Anglican clergyman, the Rev. E. G. Wood, B.D., of St. Clement's, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled *Schismatical Worship* (Knott: Brooke-street, Holborn, E.C., 1888). Mr. Wood says: ". . . If in any diocese of the Catholic Church we find a second, a rival Bishop and rival priests, to join in worship with them is schism." Let us go to Spain. What of the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar, who includes even Rome in his jurisdiction? What of those unhappy Anglicans who "join in worship" with him, and the clergy under him? Surely, if Mr. Wood's words mean anything, he must allow that such worship in Rome or Gibraltar is schism! Again the learned writer adds: ". . . What do we find in London? Two persons claiming spiritual authority in this city. First, Frederick [Bishop Temple], by divine permission Lord Bishop of London; secondly, Henry Edward [Cardinal Manning], calling himself Archbishop of Westminster. Both cannot be right. One must be the only representative of Christ and of God, the only holder of divine authority in this place, the other must be a rebel against that authority." This is clearly and excellently stated by Mr. Wood, and is true. He proceeds to say that there is no doubt whatever that the Bishop of London *is* Christ's representative, and that those who follow the Archbishop of Westminster "will rue it for all eternity." Also he calls upon Anglican clergymen to refuse absolution to those frequenting "Anglo-Roman" services, and to report them to the Bishop to be duly dealt with by

him. I should like to see the face of the Bishop of London when called upon to deal with the erring Anglican sheep who, in considerable numbers, "drop in," at Farm Street or the Oratory, or the Carmelite Church in Kensington. How is it to be done? If A. B. goes to "open his grief" at St. Alban's, Holborn, and confesses that he has been at Mass at the Italian Church, close by in Hatton Garden, are his name and address to be there and then taken down, and forwarded to Fulham Palace? If not, how does the Anglican confessor propose to follow Mr. Wood's directions concerning the dealing with such desperate schismatics?

Wider issues are, however, raised by the dogmatic assertions of Mr. Wood. To follow Cardinal Vaughan is to "rue it for all eternity." This is a somewhat serious consideration for the Pope, and the 1,200 Bishops—to say nothing of priests and people—in communion with Rome. Every one knows that all these bishops, priests, and people, are also in full communion with Cardinal Vaughan: and if any one of them comes to England, he will certainly attend "Anglo-Roman" services, and calmly ignore the very existence of the Church to which Mr. Wood belongs. Nay, they are schismatics without coming to England at all, for to intend deliberately to perpetrate schism is as bad as actually to commit it. Continental Catholics certainly have the intention of frequenting "Anglo-Roman" churches, and no other, when in Great Britain, and, according to Mr. Wood, evil is their case, sad is their plight. Undoubtedly the Anglican clergyman who said "Roman Catholics are schismatical *somewhere*," is backed up by the Vicar of St. Clement's, Cambridge.

It is a curious position. A man in Paris is a good, practical Catholic: he has never heard of the "dear old Church of England." Business calls him to, say, Birmingham. He goes to Mass at St. Chad's, just as he does in Paris at the Madeleine, or Notre Dame. Unhappy wretch! he loses his soul—he will "rue it to all eternity." Stay—there is a way of escape: let him take the first train on his way back to France, and when he has crossed the Channel, not before, he will be safe again; but he must on no account return to England, unless he is prepared to attend the Established church and to profess faith in the Thirty-Nine Articles. Such are some of the exigencies of Geographical Catholicism.

There is another. In the lowest depths, a lower still. This theory, the invention of Ritualists, entirely abolishes Truth. The mission of the Church, Anglicans will with Catholics maintain, is to teach. Catholics are bound to "hear the Church." Anglicans are Catholics (they allege) in England. Other people (who are certainly not Anglicans) are Catholics in France. Both must obey the teaching of the "authoric Church" in their respective countries. In France, the good Catholic will be taught and will believe in Papal Infallibility, Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Indulgences, the Invocation of Saints, Veneration of Relics, &c. In England the Anglican, good Catholic will be taught, and will believe, that these are either damnable deceits or "modern Roman corruptions." If in England a Christian must believe what the Church of England teaches, and if in Spain another Christian must believe what the Church of Spain teaches, both Christians cannot believe the truth. To admit the

theory of Geographical Catholicism is to confess that the Church of God teaches different things, and that her children are bound to believe different things in different countries; and that one's religion must change with one's abode. Can this, we may ask our Anglican friends, be the One Faith? It would be far better to maintain that the Church of England is the One Catholic Church of Christ, and that, apart from the See of Canterbury, there is no salvation, than to play fast and loose with the dictates of common sense, by proclaiming that what Christians must believe in one country they must disbelieve in another, and this by a special geographical arrangement on the part of Almighty God

G. A.

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By C. Kegan Paul.

The Order of Servites, or Servants of Mary, is an order of friars, who follow the rule of Saint Augustine. It was instituted in Italy in the thirteenth century by seven rich men of Florence, and has for its special object meditation on the Dolours of the most holy Virgin, that its members may feel and share them with her, and propagate this devotion among the faithful.

The coming of the Friars marks the very heart of the Middle Ages. St. Dominic was born in 1170, St. Francis in 1182, St. Bonfilius, the eldest of the Servites, in 1198; and the special task of each of the three Orders was closely allied to those of the others. St. Dominic took the doctrine of Christ as his charge, to preach it everywhere, and set it forth in all its splendour; St. Francis embraced Christian morality, to practise it in all its heroism, and show the inexpressible sweetness which underlay its most austere observances. The Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order, like loving and tender children, devoted themselves to her, who had borne Christ Himself in her immaculate bosom, Christ, source of all truth and principle of all good; to her, the inseparable coadjutrix of Jesus in the redemption of souls; to her who gave to the world the Word full of grace and truth, the Saviour sacrificed in His infinite love for the salvation and the blessing of all men.

Thus while St. Dominic and St. Francis manifested

Christ to those eager to know and to love Him, the seven Saints of Florence showed forth the sweet and radiant face of the Virgin, the Mother who from Bethlehem to Calvary encircles with the aureole of her love Him who wrought the glory of God, who is the Conqueror of souls.

Innocent III. was in the chair of St. Peter, keeping a brave heart among the many distractions of the Christian world. Germany was a prey to civil war between the Emperor Otho IV. and Philip of Swabia; France was under the glorious rule of Philip Augustus who, having returned from the third Crusade, conquered Normandy, Maine, Anjou and Poitou, but showed himself a true son of the Church in submitting wholly to Innocent in the question of his marriage, having wished to repudiate his wife Ingeburge. Not so John in England, more disloyal to the Holy See than any King of England, till he arose who brought about the great apostacy. Spain was in the agony of the Mahomedan invasion. In the East, Jerusalem had again fallen into the power of the Infidel, and the Pope incited and arranged the fourth Crusade. But the Eastern Empire alone fell, and the Holy Places were not freed.

Coming nearer to his own realm, the Pope looked out on a stormy and distracted land. Except the States of the Church and the kingdom of Sicily, then under a Regency, all the important towns were at strife with their neighbours, either forming round them independent communes, or becoming the centres of small republics. They lived in a state of perpetual feud, happy only if they had peace within their own borders, as Florence had for the moment. Later, in Dante's time, who probably knew some of the early Servite Saints, there were no less than seven intrenched camps belonging to different factions within the City of Florence itself. Though of course politically divided

by the two great parties, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, their dissensions were but political; war with those without had not become civil war.

The Church and the offices of religion constituted the whirlwind's heart of peace, and the many confraternities to which pious laymen belonged, brought men together, who would not otherwise have known each other, of all opinions and all stations. In them, Guelf and Ghibelline, merchant and prince, met on an equal footing. Such a Confraternity was that of the "Laudesi," or the Elder Society of Our Blessed Lady, founded in the year 1183. It was in fact just such a confraternity or sodality as we now know, mainly in connection with Jesuit churches, and under one of the titles of Our Lady. It was composed of the nobles and merchants of Florence, and met at the church of Santa Reparata. In the year 1233, just fifty years after its foundation, it numbered two hundred members, all of the best families in Florence, and was under the direction of a young priest, James of Poggibonsi.

Of these two hundred members, seven became the saintly founders of the Servite Order, and the Confraternity of the Laudesi was, in the good providence of God, to serve as their noviciate.

Bonfilius Monaldi was the eldest. He was born in 1198, the year of the election of Innocent III. The Monaldeschi, for such was the original name, were of French extraction, related to the royal House of Anjou. What may have been his occupation in the world is not known, but he was noted as being a young man of prayerful and ascetic life, who took the lead among his friends in all exercises of piety, so that, as soon as there was question among them of community life, they turned to him as their natural superior. He retained in religion his baptismal name.

Alexis Falconieri was born in 1200, of a noble family, originally of Fiesole, but long settled in Florence. He was the eldest son of Bernard Falconieri, a knight, and one of the merchant princes who created the greatness of his native city. The family were all strong adherents of the Pope, and opponents of the Emperor, in their unhappy quarrels. He made his course at the University, studying what were then known as the Humanities, Latin and Greek, the usual classical course, as well as belles lettres, with great success; but he was marked as especially prayerful, fond of reading religious books, and avoiding general society. At an early age he vowed himself to celibacy long before he knew what outward form his life would take. He never became a priest, but remained all his life Brother Alexis, he also keeping his own name.

Benedict de l'Antella was born in 1203, of a wealthy family, of foreign, perhaps German, or, as some think, Eastern extraction, who, long settled at Antella, had but recently come into Florence and become bankers. Benedict was extremely well educated, of very remarkable beauty, and called on by his position to mix much in society. He was afterwards known in religion as Father Manettus.

Bartholomew Amidei was born in 1204, of one of the oldest, richest, and most powerful families of the City. He claimed to be ancient Roman by origin. The Amidei were Ghibellines, and that Bartholomew received a most Christian education is among the many proofs that the bitter political strifes of the age were merely political, and hindered neither side from being good Catholics. His family, who lived much in the world, allowed him to follow a secluded and religious life, which found its natural development in a religious Order. He took in religion his family, rather than his baptismal, name.

Ricovero Uguccioni was born in the same year as Amidei, of a family both noble and mercantile. The lad was from a very early age remarkable for obedience, compassion for the poor, and love of solitude; he was devoted to pious reading, yet none the less was a leader among his young companions who looked to him in all things. In religion he was known as Hugh.

Gherardino Sostegni was born in 1205, of good family, but beyond this little is known of his worldly state. In religion he bore his family name Sostegni.

John Manetti was born in 1206; of the higher ranks of the Florentine aristocracy, both in birth and riches. In religion he was afterwards known as Fr. Buonagiunta, or Bienvenu.

Of these seven the eldest was thirty-four, the youngest about twenty-seven, when their great change in life came to them. They lived in various quarters of the city, they held divers views on politics, their one bond of union was the confraternity of Our Lady, though some among them knew one or two others with more or less intimacy. Monaldi, Amidei, Sostegni and Manetti were married, but Monaldi and perhaps another had already become widowers. Alexis Falconieri alone had, as has been said, taken a vow, but Antella and Uguccioni showed plainly to their families that their wishes tended in the same direction. There were many reasons why even those who sought after perfection should in Italy, and at that time, enter into the marriage state. The Cathari, a sect of heretics who had great success in Florence, made light of marriage, and under pretence of purity were grossly immoral. It was as necessary to uphold true purity by affording examples of holy married life, as of celibacy. But whether married, widowed, or single, these seven were especially eager after a life of perfection, in which they were aided, and to which they were stimulated, by their director.

No new development in the Church of God is sudden; and it had come to pass that Gregory IX. in his pontificate gave special favour to two devotions, afterwards to be so closely associated with the servants of Mary. These were the *Angelus* and the *Salve Regina*. In 1230 Ardingo de Forasboschi became Bishop of Florence, himself a native of the city, and belonging to one of the great Guelf families. Both on religious and on social grounds he had an especial affection to the Laudesi, and its members.

On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1233, these seven young men, with other members of the Laudesi, having confessed and communicated, were each and all making their thanksgiving after Mass. Each, unknown to those about them, fell into an ecstasy. Each seemed to himself surrounded by supernatural light, in the midst of which Our Lady appeared to them accompanied by angels, who spoke to each of them the words; "Leave the world, retire together into solitude, that you may fight against yourselves, and live wholly for God. You will thus experience heavenly consolations. My protection and assistance will never fail you."

The vision faded, the congregation dispersed, only the Seven remained, each meditating what the vision might mean. Bonfilius Monaldi, as the eldest, did violence to his humility and broke the silence. He told what had befallen him, and that he was ready to obey Our Lady's call. Each in order recounted the same experiences, and the same resolve.

As Monaldi had been the first to speak, so the little band at once decided that he must be the first to act; they looked to him for guidance. He decided to seek counsel of their director, James of Poggibonsi, who concluded that it was no mere fancy of pious youths, but a fact, a call from their Mother, manifesting to them the will of God, to be obeyed without hesitation. Some were

engaged in business, some in offices of state, four had family ties, which it was not easy to break, especially since the Church suffers no married man or woman to enter into religion unless the other party to the marriage contract does so too. It is believed that the two wives who still lived became afterwards Tertiaries of the Order; at any rate the conditions were at the time fulfilled, all social and worldly arrangements were made; and by the eighth of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, they were free to obey, they had stripped themselves of all that bound them to the world.

Meantime, and while waiting to know the further will of God, Monaldi and their director sketched out a plan of community life. They adopted a habit of grey wool, with a leathern cincture, and found a house just outside the city walls, where they might pass much of their time in solitude and prayer, yet near enough to the city to give an example to those they had so lately left. All this was done with the approval of the Bishop; although there was as yet no notion of a new Order; it was merely a question of certain men living a mortified life in community; he granted permission to James to live with them as their chaplain, to celebrate Mass in their oratory, and to reserve the Blessed Sacrament.

So soon as their life arranged itself, and Monaldi was formally elected as their Superior, they desired to submit themselves to the Bishop for his blessing. He wished to see the whole Brotherhood. Their entry into Florence was a strange contrast to what they had seemed a few days before, a band of rich young men in all the splendour of the dress of those days. Their appearance drew a crowd of sympathizers, of men indifferent and curious, of former companions, and of some who, recognizing their great renunciation and sanctity, pressed to touch their garments, to kiss their hands and entreat their blessing.

Suddenly, from the midst of the crowd, were heard the voices of children who cried: "Ecco, ecco i Servi di Maria:" "See, the Servants of Mary." The same exclamation was made still more wonderfully on the following thirteenth of January, when, as two of the Brethren, Falconieri and Manetti, were asking charity in the city, again infants in arms gave them their title. One of these children was Philip Benizi, afterwards to be one of the greatest Saints of the Order and its General. He was then only five months old, and spoke for the first time in crying "Mother, those are Mary's Servants, give them an alms." They had by this time, with the approbation of their Bishop, entered on a community life of mendicancy, devoting themselves especially to Our Lady, to whose honour they reserved Saturday in each week. The habitation without the city walls which had seemed to them at first so solitary, and so fitted for an eremitical life became soon thronged by troops of citizens, curious to see the recipients of so great favours; and they therefore began to say among themselves that they were not wholly obedient to the voice which had said as plainly as to the disciples of old "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

There is a windy mountain ten miles to the north of Florence, a spur of the Apennines, lonely and savage; this again was manifested to each of them in a vision as the place of their future abode; while at the same time a voice, sweet and sonorous, distinct yet mysterious, told them that this mountain was called Monte Senario, that on its height they were to dwell, and apply themselves to yet greater austerity; that in this more rigorous and secluded life they might count always on the favour and succour of the Mother of God.

Monte Senario was part of the episcopal domain of Florence, and the Bishop willingly granted to the soli-

taries the territory whereon they desired to settle. They went without delay from the house wherein they had rested nine months. At dawn of day, after receiving Holy Communion from their director, they skirted the walls of Florence in procession, carrying the Cross before them, and the image of the Blessed Virgin which had stood in their oratory. They climbed the mountain fasting, for it was the vigil of the Ascension; they grounded the Cross, and set down the statue of Our Lady to make their evening prayer, unconscious where they could lay their heads, or even if and how they might raise a shelter for the Blessed Sacrament after the Feast of the morrow. They succeeded however in building a small shelter of boughs as a chapel, and so passed the last day of May, 1234. Their simple monastery, or rather hermitage, was built before the end of the same year; they dwelling till then in caves and crevices of the rocks.

In this monastery they followed a mixture of hermit and community life, broken only by visits of two of their number each week to Florence in quest of alms, and by the acquisition of a small house of refuge in which they might shelter if fatigue or nightfall rendered it impossible for them to regain Monte Senario. Their lives were one unceasing round of austerity and devotion, but their future was still uncertain; they had not ventured to form themselves into a religious Order, though encouraged to do so by their Bishop. They waited and prayed, and in their perplexity they asked a sign. It was given them somewhat as one was given to the Prophet Jonas when his gourd grew up in a night.

Just below the crest of the mountain to the south, where there was some depth of richer soil, the hermits had planted a vine. On the 3rd Sunday in Lent, February 27, 1239, the Brethren saw their vine

clothed with green leaves and clusters of ripe grapes. All around smiled the verdure of spring, and the scent of flowers filled the air. They dared not interpret the prodigy. The superior despatched one of the community to tell to the Bishop the amazing news, and beg that he would give them counsel, for not only was he a man of most holy life, but one to whom also supernatural communication had already been vouchsafed.

To him in a dream heaven revealed the interpretation of the prodigy. The seven hermits were seven branches of the mystic vine, the clusters were those who should join themselves to the Order; the Brethren were again, though as Religious, to mingle in the world. As always they obeyed the divine voice, however given; Easter was near at hand, when they would open their ranks to those who came, till then they would give themselves to earnest prayer.

On Good Friday, April 13, 1240, which that year coincided with the Feast of the Annunciation, all for which the Seven Holy Founders had been preparing found its explanation. On the evening of that day, in their oratory, Our Lady once more appeared to them in a vision, surrounded by angels who bore in their hands religious habits of black, a book containing the Rule of St. Augustine, the title Servants of Mary written in letters of gold, and a palm branch. Then holding in her own hands the habit with which she seemed to clothe each of them; she said: "I come, Servants well beloved and elect, I come to accomplish your desires and grant your prayers; here are the habits in which I wish you should in future be clothed; their black hue should always bring to mind the cruel Dolours which I felt by reason of the Crucifixion and Death of my only Son; the Rule of St. Augustine, which I give you as the form of your Religious Life, will gain for you the palm prepared in heaven, if you serve me faithfully on earth." The vision vanished,

and the foundation of the Servite Order was definitely accomplished.

But this was not all. Our Lady at the same hour appeared to the Bishop of Florence, and made to him the same communication. He gladly went to Monte Senario for their Clothing, and erected them so far as rested with him, into a formal Order, giving them their religious names, and allowing them to admit new members. Of these their Director, James of Poggibonsi, was the first. The Bishop also urged on the Seven to prepare for ordination, wherein all obeyed, Alexis Falconieri only excepted. Nothing could overcome the great humility in which he desired to remain Brother Alexis.

It were long to tell how, when the news of the vision went abroad, and the affluence of new numbers was known, other towns in North Italy desired to receive, and received, homes of the nascent Order, and of the new and special practices which distinguished them from others. Immediately—and to this day the practice remains—they began their Mass with Ave Maria, and ended it with Salve Regina, adding other devotions also to Our Lady of Dolours, who under that title had given herself as their special patron. Blessed Bonfilius established also the Third Order, and the Society of the Black Scapular, both of these as well as the Devotions, seeming to appeal to the hearts and satisfying the needs of the time, and all things seemed to promise prosperity. But the Founders had to share in the dolours of their mother, and the time of peace was not yet.

Gregory IX. died in August, 1241, without having formally confirmed the Order, and his successor Celestine IV., who had for the Servites great esteem and affection, who had also visited them at Monte Senario,

only lived a fortnight after his election. The See remained vacant for nearly two years, till Innocent IV. was elected in June, 1243. One of his earliest acts was to send Peter of Verona, a Dominican, afterwards known as St. Peter Martyr, as Inquisitor to Northern Italy, with a view to putting down the heresy of the Cathari, and incidentally to enquire into the life of the Religious of Monte Senario.

Peter of Verona conversed with Monaldi and Falconieri, and then prayed earnestly. He was answered by a vision in which Our Lady appeared to him, covered with a black mantle under which she sheltered Religious in the same habit, and in the company were those with whom he had spoken. Then he beheld angels gathering lilies, and among them were seven of surpassing whiteness, which Our Lady accepted, and placed in her bosom. The saint was convinced that the Order was of God, and after visiting Monte Senario reported favourably to the Pope.

This is no place to speak of the favours heaped on the Fathers by various Popes, nor the difficulties which cast shadows on their way, of their missionary efforts, nor the spread of the Order into other lands, even in the life time of the Founders. To do so would be to write the history of the Order, and far exceed our limit. We can but say a few words on their edifying lives, their holy deaths.

St. Bonfilius ruled the community till 1255, when after repeated endeavours, he succeeded in laying down his office, and the choice of the Fathers fell on St. Bonagiunta. Miracle had again marked him out as chosen of God. A merchant in the town, wearied by the Saint's exhortations to virtue, under pretence of aiding the needs of the convent, offered bread and wine, into which he had introduced poison, for the

special use of Fr. Bonagiunta. The Saint partook of the food without hurt, then, suspecting the evil, he made over it the sign of the cross; the wine flask burst into shards, the bread was in an instant full of worms; and the terrified servant who had, unwittingly, brought the gift, returned to find his master sick unto death.

St. Bonagiunta was the first to pass away. Worn with travel, always on foot, for the good of his Order, and the conversion of heretics, he felt his end approaching. On the last day of August 1257 he said Mass with extraordinary devotion, and, calling his brethren together, spoke in prophetic words, of trouble which was soon to fall on the Order; and then set himself to meditate aloud on the Passion. When he came to the words "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum—Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he extended his arms in the form of a cross and fell forward against the altar. His brethren, among whom was St. Philip Benizi, at his wish, supported him in that position, and so kneeling at the tabernacle of his Lord, he breathed forth his soul.

St. Bonfilius was the next to hear his Master's call. He was Vicar General in the absence of the third General in Germany and in France. He too retired to Monte Senario, and died on January 1, 1262, "less of any definite disease than of those heavenly flames which burnt up his heart." He and those around him were consoled by special revelations from her whose faithful servant he had been.

Three years later came the turn of St. Amideus. For a year he had felt his force failing, and had remained at Monte Senario. He led a hermit life, constantly remaining whole hours alone in his grotto. Alone he died on the third Sunday after Easter, April 18, 1265. His death was made known to his brethren by a wondrous sign. A tongue of fire shot from Monte Senario

to heaven, while a sweet odour filled the whole convent: the Fathers did not doubt that, under this sign of flame, his heart, which had burnt with so vehement love, went to God. He was succeeded by Fr. Manetti as General, and he in his turn by the young Philip Benizi, into whose hands when he had committed his charge, St. Manetti also retired to Monte Senario, and died in St. Philip's arms.

The three brave men who were left spared no fatigue. One, St. Alexis continued his hard life as a lay brother, two in spite of advancing years wore themselves with missionary labours in foreign lands with their new General, St. Philip. In the spring of 1282, SS. Hugh and Sosthenes returned to Monte Senario. And as they went they spoke of all that their Lady had done for them, of the spread of the Order, of the deaths of those who had gone before. Raising their eyes to heaven, they desired that they also might be removed from this valley of tears and united to their Sovereign Good. Then they heard a voice which said: "Fear not, ye men of God, your consolation is at hand." At once on their arrival they were stricken with fever, and died at the same hour on May 3, 1282.

St. Philip Benizi was at that time in Florence, and, praying, he fell into a trance. He saw on Monte Senario, two angels pluck each a lily of perfect whiteness, and present them to Our Lady. He called his brethren around him, and knowing well what the vision meant, announced to them the deaths of the two holy Founders.

Not till 1310 was St. Alexis called away. In his last years it was only in virtue of holy obedience that he allowed himself to lie on a couch of straw, and to relax his rule of rigid abstinence. When he knew that his hour was come he called his brethren round him, and recited one hundred Aves, during which the angels circled around him in the form of doves. As he recited the

last Ave he saw our Lord approach, and crown him with sweet flowers. He cried: "Kneel my Brothers, see ye not Jesus Christ, your loving Lord and mine, who crowns me with a garland of beauteous flowers? Worship Him and adore. He will crown you also in the same manner, if, full of devotion to the holy Virgin, you imitate her immaculate purity, her profound humility."

So closed the life story of the Seven Founders, who, during the time they spent on earth, did all that in them lay to hide their merits under the veil of profound humility. Their sanctity was attested, not only by their heroic virtues, as they came to light, and by the miracles which accompanied them in their career, and illuminated their deaths, but also by an whole generation of saints, who arose on their traces, and became, as it were, their guard of honour.

Foremost of these was St. Philip Benizi, whom we have so often named, whose life merits a separate essay. He was the most brilliant disciple of the Seven Founders, and did honour to his masters by his work and sanctity. Indeed so great was the renown of his virtue, that he seemed even to cast into the shade the heroism of those who formed his character, as he is their abiding honour. No other ever reflected their spirit more faithfully, seized their thought more accurately, carried out their designs with such fidelity. Philip made a saint by saints, was in his turn the father of saints, of whom SS. Peregrine Laziosi and Juliana Falconieri, foundress of the Mantellate or Servite nuns, are the best known.

The spread of the Order in its early days was remarkable, and it was soon divided into six provinces, containing about one hundred convents, four provinces in Italy, one consisting of Germany, one of France. Only in these later days has the order spread to

England and to America, where to it, as to the Catholic Church in general, a vast field seems opening.

More than four hundred years passed away after the death of St. Alexis during which the Order had its vicissitudes, its triumphs of grace, its dangers, alternations of honour and scorn. But in the course of the year 1752, the Seven Holy Fathers were solemnly declared Blessed, in 1888 they were canonized. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided; their invocation is collective, none in the Sacred Order is greater or less than another; the miracles necessary to their canonization were not wrought in connection with this or that one amongst them; all together continue the work they began in common.

Sancti Patres Fundatores, orate pro nobis.
Tu autem, præcipue, Domina Septem Dolorum.
Regina Servorum tuorum; Ora pro nobis.

Holy Father Founders, pray for us.
Thou too, especially, our Lady of Seven Dolours,
Queen of thy Servants, pray for us.

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